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Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1.—No. 5 FEBRUARY, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

An Early Day Sheriff's Experience.

By J. B. Gillett, Ex-Sergeant Company D, Texas Rangers.

I first met J. H. Comstock in Menard county, in 1875. I was then with Capt. D. W. Roberts' company D, Texas rangers. Mr. Comstock was for sometime sheriff of Menard county. The jail at that place was not safe. Mr. Comstock usually kept his prisoners in the Travis county jail at Austin, and the rangers frequently helped the sheriff to guard his prisoners to Austin and from Austin back to Menard for court. In this way I became very well acquainted with Mr. Comstock.

A most singular and strange thing occurred while he was sheriff of Menard county. A negro soldier of the 10th United States cavalry, stationed at Fort McKavett, which is in Menard county, committed a foul murder. He was tried and condemned to death and executed by sheriff Comstock at Menard.

In those days, especially in the frontier counties, executions were public. In this instance the scaffold had been erected out on the open commons. It was winter and when the day of execution arrived, a fearful blizzard was blowing. This negro was hanged by sheriff Comstock, in a blinding snowstorm.

It was a strange sight, indeed. In later years, while serving as deputy sheriff of El Paso county, under the late James H. White, Mr. Comstock was called upon to hang another soldier, this time a white man. This man had killed a woman at old Fort Davis. His case was transferred to El Paso county and he was convicted and hanged at Ysleta, then the county seat of El Paso county. El Paso county, then as now, could always be depended upon to dish out good weather for any outdoor performance, so this poor wretch was hanged under the bright rays of a mid-summer sun. Mr. Comstock did the hanging with promptness and dispatch. After retiring from the sheriff's office of Menard county, Mr. Comstock ran a grading outfit on the Texas & Pacific railroad, which was then rapidly approaching El Paso from the east.

When the grade had reached where the town of Van Horn now stands, a bunch of rustlers raided the camp of Mr. Comstock and stole a greater part of his work stock. He was too old an officer to let anybody get away with that kind of play, so he quickly gathered together such help as he could get in a railroad grading camp, followed those horse thieves up through the Guadalupe mountains and overtook them in the Sacramentos.There he had a running fight, recaptured most of his horses and mules and, it is said, killed one or two of the rustlers.

On his return he sold his teams, came in to El Paso and opened a rooming house down on San Antonio street about opposite the home of Mrs. Marsh.

The writer had come out to El Paso with Col. George W. Baylor's rangers in 1879. On coming in to El Paso Mr. Comstock at once hunted me up, and we renewed old acquaintances. I was then with the Santa Fe railroad guarding its trains to prevent express or train robbery. Mr. Comstock said: "Jim, I don't like this rooming house business; I want something else to do." He said his wife could run the rooming house. I introduced him to Capt. Thacher, who was the division superintendent of the Santa Fe railroad.

Capt. Thacher at once gave him a position as train guard with me. Soon after this I quit the railroad to accept a position as assistant marshal under the notorious Dallas Stoudenmire.

Upon the retirement of Mr. Stoudenmire, I was made city marshal of El Paso. Just at this time the Sante Fe discontinued its guards and Mr. Comstock was thrown out of a job. Through the city council I secured his services as assistant marshal. He served with me throughout the time I was city marshal, and when I retired he also quit and became the chief deputy sheriff under

Capt. James White. His career from this time up to his death is well known to all old El Pasoans.

Especially sad was Mr. Comstock's death to me, as it removes by death every one of the old police force that served with me in 1882, to wit: Ed H. Scotten, W. P. Raynor, W. H. Wheat, George Harris and Mr. Comstock. It forcibly reminds me that ere long I am to be laid beneath the silent clods of the valley, to join those restless and daring spirits who have gone before.

Indian Attack Near Uvalde.

The following sketch was taken from an old newspaper, the Hesperian, and was sent to us by Mrs. M. B. Milam, Uvalde, Texas:

In the year 1855, Fort Inge was abandoned by the United States troops and business dwindled to dullness itself. Messrs. Black & Stratton laid off the land into lots where Uvalde now stands, and commenced selling the lots to the highest bidders. A man named Westfall lived thirty-five miles below on the Leona, his only companions being a Frenchman named Louie, his dog "Ketchum," and his gun "Fetchum."

In July, 1855, the Indians surrounded his house unseen by any of the inmates of this solitary ranch. Louie was getting dinner, "Ketchum" was taking his morning nap on the floor in the house. Westfall went to the door, not knowing of the danger lurking so near at hand. Just as he reached the door an Indian shot him, the ball taking effect in the upper part of his body. The faithful dog, true to his name and master, sprang out and caught the Indian and brought him to the ground. Duri ng the struggle the dog received two shots, causing him to let go his hold and flee into the house where he fell dead. Westfall, feeling so enraged and believing he had received a mortal wound, snatched up his gun and started out to fight them as long as life should last, but Louie implored him to remain in the house, proposing to take a hand himself, and taking deliberate aim he fired at an Indian, then opened the door to ascertain if possible the effect of his shot when a rifle ball passed through the poor fellow's body. He sat down, pulled off his boots and fell dead.

Westfall took position at a crack in the wall to fire at the Indians, but they soon left the premises. He was now entirely alone, thirty-five miles from the nearest settlement, and choking with his life's blood. In this critical condition he lay four days, envying the Frenchman and the dog, who lay dead a short distance from him. At the end of this time the stentch from his former companions became unendurable and he was compelled to leave the house. Although he had four head of horses staked within a few hundred yardds of his house, he was so sure that the Indians had taken them he did not think it was worth while to go and see. He filled his canteen with water and started to Uvalde. Four days later he arrived at Henry Livering's, where he remained, and in a few weeks was well.

Big Foot Wallace and a party was in the vicinity of Westfall's ranch several days after Westfall was shot, and concluded to go by and see him. On approaching the house they found the horses still staked. Big Foot shook his heal, sniffed the air and said, "Boys, there's something wrong and rotten here." In a few minutes the "wrong and rotten" was found. He knew the man was not Westfall, as the body was too small, but he recognized the dog as "Ketchum." In examining the place they found a man's track which Big Foot said was Westfall's, adding that Westfall was evidently wounded, as his track never measured ground in that style when normal.

The party arrived at Livering's in the evening of the eighth day after Westfall was shot. Westfall had arrived there the morning of the same day. My pen is entirely inadequate to describe the glad and joyful meeting of those old comrades on that momentous occasion, but I will leave it to the imaginations of any and all those who may be endowed with similar feelings of solid friendships as those brave frontiersmen of former days.
—W. W. ARNETT

Origin of the Ex-Texas Rangers Association.

A short time ago we requested Major W. M. Green of Meridian, Texas, to give us a sketch of the organization of the Ex-Texas Rangers' Association, and he promptly responded. We are pleased to publish his letter as follows

Editor Frontier Times:—According to promise I will give you some data as to the origin of the Ex-Texas Rangers' Association. Early in 1920 a few of us conceived the idea of organizing all ex-rangers of early days in order that we might meet at least once a year in reunion. After addressing a letter to the Semi-Weekly Farm News of Dallas, calling on all ex-rangers to write me suggesting time and place to meet I assured them I would call a meeting. After receiving seventy-five or eighty letters the meeting was called and we assembled in the court house at Weatherford, Tex., August 10, 1920. The following officers were elected: W. M. Green, Major Commanding, Colorado, Texas; J. M. Reed, Captain, Batesville, Texas; John Wallace, First Lieutenant, Decatur, Texas; N. N. Rogers, Second Lieutenant, Post City, Texas; A. Ritchie, Adjutant, Sidney, Texas; Henry Sackett, Orderly Sergeant and Secretary, Coleman, Texas; F. S. Rountree, Chaplain, Vioga Park, Texas;.

Our second meeting was also held at Weatherford, August 11th and 12th, 1921.

The third meeting was at Comanche, August 3rd and 4th, 1922.

The fourth meeting was at Menard, September 6th, 7th and 8th, 1923. The rules and regulations governing the organization have changed some in the last few years, but the objects are the same. The purposes of the Association are for social benefit, to meet once a year, to live over again as far as possible the days of our boyhood, and to get a line if possible on all the old boys so as to make it easier to get up proof in order to obtain pensions for those who are entitled to receive them. And let me insist here that every old ex-Ranger send in his name and address with $1.00 membership fee to Lieutenant W. W. Lewis, Menard, Texas. You may be the one needed to make proof for the widow of some deceased comrade or some former comrade. Each member should consider himself a committee of one to look out for those who are entitled to pensions and are not receiving them. Get up proof for them if possible, that they may receive the money they so justly deserve.

In conclusion I want to say Captain J. M. Reed of Batesville and Mayor Queen of Weatherford are entitled to great credit for the success of our first meeting when we enrolled 32 members. More anon. W. M. GREEN

Ex-Member Company A, 1874.

Colony That Failed.

Sixty-nine years ago a French colony was founded in Dallas county, which flourished for a time, but eventually vanished three years later. Reunion was the name given the colony when the first members arrived in 1855, and it was prised 12,000 acres of land three miles west of the Trinity river. At its most flourishing period it contained 500 members, who built small houses, operated stores and mills, and lived to themselves. They came to estabish a Utopia, and attempted to exploit the theories of Fourier, "an apostle of natural optimism, holding that free development of human nature, or the unrestrained indulgence of human passion is the only way to happiness and virtue." However, individualism, aided by grasshoppers and drouths, seems to have overpowered the colonists, and in 1858 the colony was broken up by mutual consent, many of the members returning to France., others moved elsewhere in the United States, and a few remained in Dallascounty.

The founder of the colony was Victor Considerant, a man of wide reputation in France. Farming was the principal aim of the colonists, but out of the 500 members not more than a dozen were genuine farmers. Most of them were doctors, mechanics and men of other professions. The lack of experienced farmers was the undoing of the colonists' scheme and they soon became discouraged and gave up their plan. If they had followed out Fourier's theory, the returns from the crops and other pursuits would have been divided among all members of the colony. The more industrious and successful ones grew to think they should receive more of their own harvests than others, and eventually this spirit of individualism determined many of the members to leave, and a general break-up of the colony followed.

The Heroism of a Faithful Negro Slave.

A. J. Sowell in El Paso Times

In 1852 but little was known of that vast unsettled territory of northwest and west Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. From the Concho country on toward the Pecos river, to the line of New Mexico, was called the Territory of Tom Green. The early Spanish explorers had made maps of the country and gave names to the principal streams. From time to time ever since, American settlers began to locate land west of the San Marcos and Guadalupe rivers, restless, adventurous men would go on expeditions to the west for the love of adventure or to prospect for gold. The latter was supposed to be in abundance in the mountain country along the Rio Grande river and with strong evidence for such a belief. Rich mines of gold, silver and copper had been worked for centuries by the Spaniards on the Mexico side of the great river. The early explorers had three names for this river, Rio del Norte, Rio Bravo and Rio Grande.

In the summer of 1852, James Adams. William Snyder and Lucian Daley, conceived the idea of taking an extensive trip to the territory of Tom Green on a gold prospecting adventure. They had gained information from old Mexicans at San Antonio that there were rich mine of gold in Big Bend country of the Rio Grande and on West river in New Mexico within the present limits of Dona Ana county. Silver mines were also said to exist in the Ro Grande valley on the West River.

The Adams brothers, William, Cood, Dave, Henry and James, were noted Indian fighters in the west and two of them were killed by Indians, Henry at Chalk Bluff in Nueces canyon and Dave on Carrizo Creek, within the present limits of Dimitt county, William (Capt. Bill) was killed in San Antonio.

The writer obtained the facts of this article from James, the last suvivor of the Adams boys, at Medina City in 1897.

Snyder was a well to do farmer of east Texas and on one occasion, while in San Antonio, met James Adams who was enthusiastic on the subject of old prospecting in the Rio Grande country and soon had Snyder anxious to take a trip there. It was arranged to start as soon as Snyder could return home, adjust his affairs there for a prolonged absence and return again to San Antonio. Lucien Daley was a frontiersmen and in San Antonio quite often so he was taken into the party as a true, brave man, Adams being well acquainted with him. Being confident that the precious ore would be found in abundance, Adams did not care to have many in the party, saying that three was crowd enough. These men well knew the dangers of such a trip from the numerous bands of hostile Indians that roamed over the country, but were willing to risk it having great confidence in themselves.

When Snyder returned to San Antonio to join the party he brought a negro named Tom to do the work, attend to the horses and to make himself useful generally. Tom was one of the most trusted hands on the plantation and devotedly attached to his master who always treated him kindly and never overworked him. Tom was his favorite. He was almost a giant in size, six feet, six inches in height and very muscular and of middle age. Snyder brought also one of the plantation mules, large, strong and gentle, "Old John" by name. He was the favorite plow animal of Tom who thought a great deal of him and would much rather have stayed on the plantation than to have risked himself and "Old John" amid the wilds of the great west.

When al was ready to start nstead of going directly west, they started northwest until intercepting the Guadalupe river and then followed this stream to its source, the last spring at the head of the south fork. Here they camped and rested their horses two days, standing guard at night as signs of Indians were seen here. The white men were armed with rifles and brace of pistols, and Tom with a gun and big knife.

The route from this camp led across a dry divide between the draws of the Nueces river and South Llano. Adams knew the country, having been an Indian scout there. He knew the next stream to cross, west, was Devil's river, and a dry strip of country lay between. They camped after the first day's ride on the divide at a water hole surrounded by cedars, not far from the present town of Rock Springs, county seat of Edwards county. Here they saw Indian signs and

buffalo tracks. The water vessels were filled and at the end of a long day's ride Devil's river. The country was rough a dry camp was made on the draws of and it took them a greater part of one day to arrive at the river. It was a clear wide, and rapid sream, dotted with many islands, and inclosed by solid rock walls. Their supply of water had long since given out and man and beast were very thirsty. It was difficult to reach the water and it was some time before a place was found where the horses could be gotten down, but they finally succeeded and found a good place to camp for the night amid a grove of pecan trees. Fish were in abundance and they caught all they wanted by setting hooks in a deep pool near the camp.

After effecting a crossing of Devil's river Adams and his party kept on toward the Pecos until they came to the stage route from San Antonio to El Paso, which led northward in order to cross the Pecos river which ran in a deep canyon for more than forty miles from the Rio Grande. This road had not long been completed. The prospectors followed the route of Captain Hays until the Pecos was crossed, the crossing at Devil's river being made at the place where Hays camped when the name of the river was changed. Big Foot Wallace was then on the line driving the stage. He and Adams were old companions and as the prospectors followed the stage route, after intercepting it they met Wallace near "Dead Man's Pass." He was glad to see Adams but warned him in regard to Indians and advised him to abandon his trip unless he had a larger force, predicting that the Indans would certainly get them. On this same outbound trip the Wallace expedition was attacked at the crossing of Devil's river and after a sharp fight defeated the Indians but was forced to return to Fort Clark on account of three of his guards being wounded.

The prospectors quit the stage route at the foot of the Davis mountains and turned south to the Rio Grande between the southwest base of the Chisos mountains and the Rio Grande. Specimens of gold were found by Daly, who really was the only one of the party who knew anything about prospecting for gold. They traveled on up the river for some distance through a very rough country but finally turned further north getting out of the valley and shaped their course for West river in New Mexico. After getting into the territory, in which they wished to prospect, they camped one day for dinner congratulating themselves on the lucky trip as not an Indian had yet been seen. The place was on the prairie near the head of a draw which coursed south toward the Rio Grande. The intention was to only remain here until the saddle horses and pack animals could rest and eat and the prospectors refresh themselves with cold lunch as there was no wood to make a fire to cook anything. This was now an exposed place as they were now in the Apache country proper. A short distance to the south at the head of the draw was a dry sink hole four or five feet deep by twenty in length. Adams noticed this place when they first came here and remarked that it would be good shelter in case of an attack from Indians.

No more than half an hour had passed when the horses threw up their heads and snorted. Tom sprang to his feet and facing north exclaimed:

"Lord, Mars William! Look yonder, comin!"

The white men were on their feet in an instant and a sight met their gaze which was enough to blanch the cheeks of the most fearless frontiersman. Riding toward them almost in gun shot over a swell in the prairie, from the north, was a large band of Apache Indians. Each man had come to his feet, rifle in hand and still having on their pouches and pistols. Adams taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed, "To the draw quick!" and bounded away followed by the others. The Indians and the white men had discovered each other about the same time and the former commenced yelling and charged, shooting at the same time with short guns and bows. One arrow struck the brim of Daly's hat and a ball tore up the earth in front of Adams. Tom was running beside Snyder, his master, when suddenly the latter reeled and fell with a broken hip, having been struck by a ball. Tom dropped his gun and picking up Snyder ran with him to the sink hole, followed by Adams and Daley, the latter bringing Tom's gun Some of the Indians cam so close one of them leaned forward and tried to lance Adams but Adams shot him in the face with a pistol, a glancing shot, however, but it turned him back. Snyder had held on to his gun and Tom carried both into the sink hole and was soon fol-

lowed by Adams and Daley. The Indains crowded them close but were fired on by Daley, Adams and Tom. One Apache fell from his horse. Guns were hastily reloaded and Snyder told them to take his and to pay no attention to his condition but to make the best defense they could. Most of the Indians went back and secured the horses and pack mules of the outfit. Adams watching them closly to see if he could tell by their actions what the Indian's intentions were. He had fought Comanches and Lipans but this was his first attempt to fight Apaches and he was not familiar with their tactics. The Indian he shot was evidently hurt quite badly as he hung head down and was surrounded by others. Finally about twenty of the Indians charged the sink on horseback, circling and firing while lying low on the opposite side of their horses. Daley and Adams did most of the firing but never discharging all of the guns at once, having two and the pistols loaded all the time. The empty guns were at once reloaded by Tom. Bullets skipped around them and many arrows struck in the bank near the edge. The white men exposed themselves very little, only an eye above the rim of the sink to fire or to watch the Apaches. The south side of the sink was the most exposed and a man in the draw below could see into it. The Indians now commenced crossing the draw, one behind the other, and shooting as they passed the opening. Adams turned his attention to this place determined to kill an Indian if he could but they crossed so rapidly and lay so low on their horses that he let seven pass before he would take the risk of a shot, but when the eighth passed he aimed at the shoulder of the horse hoping the ball would pass through and kill the Indian whose head was against the other shoulder of the horse. The ball passed under the neck of the horse but at this moment the Indian atempted to fire also under the horse's neck and the ball from the rifle struck him in the face, killing him instantly. The horse, however, carried him clear of the draw and out into the prairie before the Indian fell to the ground. The Indians set up a great yelling and peculiar howling, indicating that a brave chief or noted warrior had been killed. Several of them attempted to carry the body away but one of them was badly wounded by Daley and they gave up the attempt for the time being. Another dead Indian now also lay within rifle shot of the sink. Tom, the negro, was greatly distressed at the loss of "Old John," the mule, and was anxious to shoot an Indian and was allowed to try his hand. He failed to kill the Indian he fired at but knocked a wildcat skin cap from the Indian's head.

The Indians remained passive for sometime after failing to carry the position of the white men and Adams examined and dressed the wound of Snyder as best he could under the circumstances. The hip was badly broken and much blood lost causing thirst and weakness but no water was to be had. The situation was bad and not one of the white men ever expected to get out of the difficulty alive, but brave men fight on and die in the last ditch. While Adams, assisted by Tom, was dressing the wound of Snyder, Daley watched the Indians who seemed to be undecided for some time as to their next move but finally several of them rode around the position of the whites, evidently trying to discover what damage they had inflicted. To discourage them, as Adams said, all arose in plain view, yelling and waving their hats, the wounded man having to brace himself up against the bank to do so. The Indians then turned and rode back to the main body, all being out of rifle range of the sink.

Night came on and the situation was not changed. The Indians placed their guards around the sink. Voices of Indians could be heard in various directions at intervals during the night but no attack was made. They dreaded the foes whom they had trapped. If all had been sound of limb Adams would have proposed a break in the night towards the Rio Grande but the condition of Snyder prevented such a move. When daylight came the two dead Indians were gone, having been removed by the others under cover of darkness.

About 10 o'clock in the morning the Indians collected n a bunch on horseback, the dead Indians strapped to horses, and with loud yells and shaking of shields, took their departure and were soon out of sight over a swell in the prairie, going west.

"They have gone," said Daley, "who would have thought it so quick?"

"Yes, sah, Mars Lucien," put in Tom, with a broad grin, "dey's got nough ob us at lass but I sho hates to see um carry off ole John, but it can't be hepped.

Goodbye to yer, Mr. Injuns I hope I nebber see yo any mo."

Adams had watched them up to this time, saying nothing, but now addressed Tom. "You told them goodbye too quick Tom That is not the last you will see of them—they'll come back to see us, That leaving is a ruse. They know we neither have water or anything to eat and if we can be induced to leave our position they can get us easy. They can fire the grass on us and we would be helpless."

The day wore away and nothing could be seen but a band of yelping coyotes around the horse of an Indian that had been killed. Snyder never complained, although suffering greatly with pain and thirst.

About dusk Adams discovered the top of an Indian's head on an elevated point and called the attention of the others to it and all hope of escape that night was abandoned. By dark the Indians were again around their position and settled down to a regular siege seeing their strategem and failed, they intended to starve the party out. Another night passed and on the third day six of the Indians, having short muskets, rode to the south side of the sink and began firing at long range, too far off for the white men to waste ammunition with rifles The Indian's muskets carried more powder and reached further. The first six shots landed two balls in the sink, one of them barely missing Daley. All except Snyder now went to work with knives making an excavation under the bank and throwing the dirt in a heap on the open side. In this way they strengthened their position, but the balls continued to patter around. The earthwork thrown up soon hid the white men from view and the Indians returned to the main body, their number, not counting those who had been killed the day before and wounded, being more than twenty.

When the third night came, the situation was getting desperate. The constant vigilance, anxiety, loss of sleep, want of water and food, began to have a marked effect upon the men. They could see it in each others' eyes and haggard faces. Something must be done soon to change the situation or all would perish without the assistance of the lance or arrow. Thirst was somewhat relieved at night and during the day moist dirt was held in the mouth. Snyder was in a deplorable condition, having high fever and a badly swollen wound. During this night Adams suggested that Tom and Daley sleep some while he stood guard. This was agreed to but the sleeping men were restless, visions of food and water, which they could not reach, were constantly before them. Adams was a strong man, about thirty years of age, and was used to dangers and hardships, but now felt that he was gettting weak and that the end was near. if no succor came. About two hours before dawn he heard a peculiar sound and in the next instant a swishing noise almost in his ear. He knew at once what it meant. The first sound was the twang of a bowstring and the other the swish of a feathered arrow as it flew past his head. Cautiously he laid his hand on Daley and told him to rouse up. Tom also awoke and the situation was explained to them. Snyder was notified also of the close proximity of an Indian and now in silence and readiness the men awaited further developments. Adams crouched low and directed his attention to the south end of the sink from whence th e arrow came.

Twing! siss! came another arrow and struck the bank at the north end. answered in an instant by a shot from from Adams. Indians now yelled on every side and seemed to be very close. Arrows hurtled into the sink and the Indian's musket blazed almost over the heads of the white men who gave shot for shot, the battle for their lives now being on.

Protected by the excavation which had been made under the west bank they lay low and fired at the shadowy forms which leaped around them. The Indians were not aware of the position of the whites and no doubt supposed that if they could fire directly into the sink they would soon exterminate them. One daring Apache after a discharge, climbed over the bank on the south side but was shot by Daley and no doubt badly wounded as he gave a quick yell of pain and went tumbling backward over the embankment. The Indians soon withdrew after this incident and when daylight came they were out of rifle range of the sink.

The day wore on. and in the evening Snyder arounsed himself from a stupor and thus addressed his companions: "Men it is time to talk now as we can-

not hold out here any longer. Something must be done tonight. You that are able must get out of here and fight your way through, there is a chance under cover of darkness of making an escape. As to myself, of course I cannot go. I must stay and meet my fate. There is no use in able men sacrificing themselves when no good can be accomplished I cannot stand this much longer and the sooner it is ended the better. What do you say? Let's decide on something."

By the time this talk was ended Tom, the negro, was crying, and going to his master, kneeled beside him, and taking his fevered face between his large, boney hands, he said: "Mars William, you have always been good to me, the best friend I eber had and now I won't go off and lebe you here. I'm going to stay an' die wid yer. I'll nebee go back to ole missus widout yer."

"No use to say any more on that subject," said Adams. "We will all leave here all together or not at all."

The Apaches had no idea of leaving and occasionally rode around, yelling and no doubt wondered how much longer the white men could do without food and water.

Night came again and with it some hope. Dark clouds overcast the heretofore clear sky and the night was immensely dark. Finally a slow rain began to fall. This chance must not be missed without attempt to escape. The Indians were still on the alert but could not be seen a yard away. A consultation was held and it was thought an escape might be effected down the draw and under cover of the black night. Only one thing was in the way of this project. Snyder could not walk a step. Black Tom solved that problem. He proposed to carry his master. Neither Adams nor Daey, in their weakened condition, were able to do so, but Tom, 35 years of age, six feet six inches in height and weighing 240 pounds when at his best, was able to bear the burden and so it was arranged. Everything was sad in low whispers. Tom tenderly lifted his master in his long brawny arms and all silently left the draw, Adams nor Daley, in their weakened rifles. After the sink was left the draw was wide and covered with grass. No odubt Indan guards were close ut no sound was made by the white men. The soft grass muffled their footsteps and the constant patter of rain was also in their favor and the little trickling streams refreshed them. An hour passed and the fugitives made good headway and began to beeathe more freely. As yet no sound had been heard and they had made at least three miles from the dreadful battle ground. A short halt was made for Tom to rest. All were again refreshed by the rain as it alleviated thirst. Tom again took up his burden and they moved faster dreading a daylight pursuit by the savages. They kept as near in the center of the draw as they could so as to keep their course, being satisfied it led to the Rio Grande. All things must have an end and the long dreadful night passed away, The rain had ceased and the morning was foggy. This was in their favor. Long after they knew the sun was up objects could not be seen one hundred yards away. They must now be fifteen miles or more from where they had left the Apaches.

Tom bore up bravely through the night but despite the frequent short halts which had been made for him to rest he was well nigh exhausted. At times he had spoken words of encouragement to his almost dying master, telling him how strong he was and that they had only to follow "Mars Adams" and he would "git 'em all out of dis scrape."

When the sun came out and the mist cleared away they were close to the Rio Grande. Finding a crossing they rested on the opposite side the balance of the day, having no fear that the Indians would cross after them if on their trail. Adams had flint and steel in his shot pouch, and a fire was made. Game was in abundance and they soon had plenty to eat. This was a wild, unsettled country, the frontier of od Mexico. The next day they started for the interior in search of a settlement, passing through the Tosesia mountains. Tom was carrying Snyder but now by easy stages. All were strengthened by food and water. In eight days they arrived at Las Vigas copper mines in the mountains near the Concho river. The Mexicans treated them kindly, supplying their wants and getting medical aid for Snyder. The Apaches were the enemies of the Mexicans also.

The Texans had all the money they needed, belted around them, and took things easy unti their wounded com-

panion was able to travel. They then purchased another outfit and bidding farewell to their Mexican friends traveled through Mexico until the mouth of the Pecos river was passed and finally crossed the Rio Grande at the mouth of Devil's river about thirty miles below where they crossed on their way out. They continued the journey to San Antonio by way of Forts Clark and Inge. The friends separated in San Antonio. No one could describe the homecoming of Snyder. Tom never tired of telling the other negroes about the trip and the great battle "wid de Pache Injuns" always winding up with the regrets about the loss of old John, the mule. He also praised his master, for his courage, and powers of endurance, and the great Indian fighters Mars Adams, and brave Mars' Lucien.

Tom was given his freedom and never after wanted for anything that was in the power of a Snyder to furnish.

Arizona's Canyon of Gold Still Being Sought.

Stanford Garrell in New York Tribune.

The search for Arizona's fabled "Canyon of Gold" goes on through the generations. Somewhere in the desert hills, within striking distance of Tuscon, the origin of the gold mined by the Indians for the Spanish masters may eventually be discovered. If not the gold itself, the ancient mines may be brought to light, and thus bring an end to the dreams of men who sift the mesa's sands for the end of the rainbow.

If the secret is revealed the world may learn of a civilization rivaling that of Montezuma in Mexico or Tutankamen in Egypt for wealth and splendor. The Territorial Legislature of Arizona in 1881 published an official report which stated that "irriating canals pointing to the presence of an immense population which had now disappeared" had been found in the Salt River and Gila Valley, and that "Indians who have been taken prisoner have told of the existence of rich placer mines, but all efforts to find them have so far proved futile."

A mystic significance also is attached to the writing of a Jesuit missionary who, in 1687, penned in code to the King of Spain the followin: "A scientific exploration of Sonora (the early name of Southern Arizona) will lead to the discovery of gold and silver so marvelous that the result will be such as has never yet been seen in the world."

Once in a while the Indians would drift into Tuscon from the hills, according to old time prospectors, and show great nuggets of gold, as large as a man's two fists.

"It is a legend of our people," they would say upon being questioned as to the source of the glittering stuff. "Our forefathers and their fathers before them found these mines, but they are ours and no white man shall ever find them."

Cornado left Spain in 1540 in search of the treasures of the "City of the Bull," the stories of which had thrilled Madrid with lust for the gold Columbus intended originally to bring back from Cathay. He found nothing but deserts and prairies, although he penetrated the region as far north as what is now Kansas.

Although Cornado did not find his Quievera, some of his armored followers remained in the high dry climate of New Mexico and Arizona and in the years that followed discovered some of the mines and made the Indians work them. After more than 100 years of Spanish cruelty and oppression the natives finally rose and drove the invaders away. Some few escaped the massacre and the hardships of their subsequent fli ght across Mexico and reached Spain, but they did not have sufficient maps and charts to show the location of the mines, so hasty was their departure.

When the Territory of Arizona became the magnet for gold, silver and copper miners in the early part of the last century, the famous Lost Mines became a lodestone and a lure for hardy prospectors. The story of three soldiers is still related in the Southwest. In 1869 Abner McKeever, a settler, and his family were ambushed by Apaches on a ranch near the big bend of the Gila. The settler's daughter, Belle, was taken captive and soldiers pursued them.

The Apaches, finding their pursuers hot on their trail, divided, and small detachments of soldiers followed each group. In one of them was Sgt. Cross-

thwaite, accompanied by Privates Joe Wormley and Eugene Flannigan. They lost themselves in the hills, two of their horses dropped from exhaustion and thirst, and their provisions ran out.

They struck out in a northerly direction, seeking water in what is supposed to have been the Granite Wash range of mountains in Northern Yuma County. They found a spring just in time, probably, to save their lives, for Wormley already had become delirious. They camped by the side of the spring that night and in the morning found in it some gold nuggets.

Above the spring were two quartz veins, one narrow and the other 16 feet wide, out of which the troopers dug coarse gold with their knives. About 50 pounds of this golden quartz they loaded on their remaining horses and set out for the Gila River.

Less than a day's journey from the river the men separated, after the horses dropped dead. Wormley reached the river almost demented from his sufferings and was unable to guide a rescue party back into the desert. Flannigan was found half dead a few hours later, and Crossthwaite had succumbed by the time the rescuers reached him. Wormley and Flannigan told their strange story, and it was backed up by the discovery of the horse and the 50 pounds of ore, which assayed $1,800 to the ton.

Flannigan later made unsuccessful attempts to return to his find, as did other prospectors. The golden spring has never again been seen by white men so far as is known today.

A most persistent searcher for the Lost Mines is Harold Bell Wright, the novelist, who makes his home in the Arizona mountains near Tucson. He has spent days at a time in the hills, talking to Indians and following faint trails, in the hope that he may be the discoverer of the new Eldorado of the West.

"There is documentary evidence," he writes to a New York friend, which points out with some definiteness to the reality of the Lost Mines and also to their great antiquity.

"Toltec, Astec, Spaniard or American pioneer, whether all or any of these dug the Lost Mines of Arizona, the best evidence is that the mines are there: and the Indians guard the secret with all the craft and cunning they possess."

The Sublime Courage of Pioneer Women.

When the white settlers of Texas, composing Austin's and DeWitt's colonies, first began to erect their cabins in this wild and beautiful country, all the Indian tribes were friendly. The Comanches were the most numerous, numbering several thousand warriors. Hostilities commenced by thieving parties of Indians stealing horses from the whites; and, when caught by the exasperated settlers, were roughly dealt with. There was not much law in the country in those days regulating punishment for such offenses, and the red man caught under such circumstances was usually shot on the spot, and white horse thieves were served the same way, or strung up to the limb of a tree.

The result of these severe measures was that all the tribes, numbering twenty or more, became hostile, with the exception of the Tonkaways, who always lived on good terms with the whites, and were useful allies in scouting and trailing hostile bands that made incursions into the settlements.

From the time the Indians became hostile, almost up to 1880, every settler who pitched his cabin in the West, from the coast to the Staked Plains, had to contend with hostile Indians, and if all the incidents were related connected with these settlements, of Indian raids. massacres, etc., which occurred while the settlements gradually extended westward, it would fill an immense volume.

In the early settlement of Nacogdoches county a family named Hutchinson settled between the Neches and Trinity rivers, near Fort Houston. The family consisted of the old man, his wife and daughter, Anna. They lived in peace and quiet for some time, but in 1838 the Indians, being hostile,, began committing depredations between the two rivers, and armed bands of minute men began scouting the country to run them out. Late one evening a scouting party, com-

posed of nine settlers, arrived at Hutchinson's place to spend the night, expecting to go on up the country the next morning, where they were to meet another scouting party. The old man cordially invited them in, their horses were attended to, and the old lady and her daughter prepared supper.

When supper was announced, the men went back into the shed room, on the north side of the cabin, where the meal was spread, and took their seats at the table, leaving their guns standing in the corner near an open door which fronted to the south. The meal was not more than half over, when hearing a slight noise in the direction of the South door they looked and saw three hideously painted Indians between them and their guns. Not knowing how many more there were close at hand, they all sprang from the table and escaped through an east door, the old man, Hutchinson going with them, thinking, of course that the women would follow, but they remained behind.

The brave old lady seized a heavy iron shovel and commenced a furious attack upon the Indians, and succeeded in beating one of them to the floor before she was tomahawked. Anna came to the assistance of her mother, but was struck on the head and fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. The savages were not satisfied with this, then cut out her left breast, and left her lying on the floor in this horrible condition. They then brought some lard from the kitchen and emptying it in one corner of the house, set fire to it and left, carrying some of the guns with them. Anna Hutchinson returned to consciousness and escaped from the burning house. Her mother's body was consumed. The girl wandered about until morning and succeeded in getting about two miles from the house, and becoming overcome with fatigue and pain, could go no further, but sank fainting to the ground, where she was found by three rangers and carried to the nearest house, where for many weeks she hovered between life and death, but finally recovered.

Had the men known there were but three Indians to deal with, they would have rushed in and overpowered them. But be that as it may, here we have another instanee of thesublime courage of those pioneer women,, whose bravery never faltered in the defense of their homes.

The Indians succeeded in eluding the search that was made for them, and escaped out of the country.

Other raids followed and many of the early settlers were slain, women and children taken into captivity, homes were destroyed, stock driven off, and all manner of atrocities perpetrated by the blood-thirsty savages, who left a trail of blood every time they invaded the settlements.

Captain Denton raised a company of forty men and set out in pursuit of a large band of Indians which had been depredating in that section. They traveled hard and struck the trail on the Sulphur Fork of the Brazos, and followed it for several days, finally coming up with them in a bend of the Trinity river, about sixty miles below where Ft. Worth stands. Here the Indians had a village and crops of growing corn, pumpkins and watermelons. Captain Denton's rangers furiously charged in among them and a short, but bloody fight ensued. The Indians soon gave way and fled through the bottoms, leaving many of their dead on the ground. But the rangers did not come out unscathed, the brave and dauntless Denton was killed at the very onset, and Lieutenant Stout was wounded. The village was set on fire and the stronghold of the hostiles utterly destroyed.

John T. Robinson, 75, who as a Texas ranger fought Indians in Coleman, Comanche and other Southwest Texas counties, died at his home in Corsicana, January 7. He joined the rangers in 1872 under Captain John C. Sparks, serving two years.

The Indians had dogs but not horses before the white men came. The Indian dog was little different from the tamed wolf from which it is supposed to have sprung. Eskimos were using dogs for transportation when first white men arrived. Though fossils of the forerunner of the horse have been found in America, it is now generally believed that these animals became extinct many thusands of years ago and that all horses used by the Indians were decendants of Spanish horses. Cortez brought horses to Mexico, and De Sota is known to have abandoned a large number of horses near the Texas border.

The Battle of Antelope Hills.

From Gen. A. R. Johnson's interesting book, "The Partisan Rangers," is taken the following account of the Battle of Antelope Hills:

The battle of Antelope Hills, fought in 1858, was probably one of the most splendid exhibitions of Indians warfare ever enacted on Texas soil. This was the immemorial home of a tribe of the Comanches; they sought refuge here from their maurauding expeditions into Texas and Mexico. Theirs was a veritable city of refuge, and should the daring rangers seek them they were sure to be encountered in full force. Pohebits Quasho (Iron Jacket) was the warchief of this place, and gained his name from the queer coat of scale mail that he wore and that had doubtless been taken from the body of some unfortunate Spanish knight who had been slain perhaps a century before by some of the Indian chief's ancestor's. He was a big medicine man and claimed to be invulnerable to the balls and shafts of his enemies, as by a few puffs of his breath he could divert them from their course and cause them to fall harmless at his feet. Peta Nacona, the young and daring husband of the white girl, Cynthia Ann Parker, who had been captured ten years before by a band of Comanches and never rescued, was in command of the braves.

About the first of May, 1858, Colonel Ford ("Old Rip") at the head of one hundred Texas rangers, comprising such leaders as Captain S. P. Ross, W. A. Pitts, Preston, Tankersley and a contingent of one hundred and eleven Tonkawa Indians commanded by their celebrated chief, Placido, so long the faithful and implicitly trusted friend of the whites, marched against the marauding Comanches, determined to follow them up to their stronghold amid the hills of the Canadian River, and if possible surprise them and inflict a severe and lasting chastisement.

After a toilsome march of several days the Tonkawa scouts reported that they were in the immediate vicinity of the Comanche encampment. The Comanches, though noted for their sleepless vigilance, were unsuspicious of danger, and so unexpected was the approach of the Rangers that on the day preceeding the battle Colonel Ford and Captain Ross stood in the old road from Fort Smith to Santa Fe, north of Rio Negro, and watched through their glasses the Comanches running buffalo in the valley still more to the north. At night the Tonkawa spies completed the hazardous mission of locating definitely the position of the enemy's camp. The next morning, May 12, the Rangers and reserve, or friendly Indians, marched before sunrise to the attack.

Placido claimed for his red warriors the privilege of wreaking vengeance upon their hereditary foes. His request was granted,, and the Tonkawas effected a complete surprise of the village some miles south of the main encampment. The struggle was short, sharp and sanguinary. The women and children were made prisoners, but not a Comanche brave surrendered. Their savage pride preferred death to the restraints and humiliatons of captivity. Not a single warrior escaped to bear the tidings of this destructive engagement to his people.

A short time after the sun had lighted the tops of the hills the rangers came in full view of the hostile camp pitched in one of the picturesque valleys of the Canadian River, and on the opposite side of the stream in the immediate vicinity of the famous Antelope Hills. The panorama thus presented to the view of the Rangers was beautiful in the extreme, and their enthusiasm found vent in a shout of exultation, which was quickly surpresssed by Colonel Ford. Just at this moment a solitary Comanche was discovered riding southward, evidently toward the village which Placido had so recently destroyed. He was wholly unconscious of danger. Instant pursuit was made; he turned and fled at full speed toward the main camp across the Canadian, closely followed by the rangers. He dashed across the stream, thus revealing to the pursuers the locality of a safe ford across the mirey and almost impassable river. He rushed into the village beyond, sounding the notes of alarm, and soon the Comanche warriors presented a bold front of battle between their women and children and the advancing Rangers. After a few moments occupied in forming line of battle, both sides were arrayed in full force. The friendly Indians were placed on the right and thrown a little forward. Colonel Ford's object was to deceive the Comanches as to the character of the attacking party

and as to the quality of arms they possessed.

Pohebits Quasho, arrayed in all the trappings of his war toggery—coat of mail, shield, bow and lance, completed by a head-dress decorated with feathers and long, red flanniel streamers, and besmeared with war paint—gaily dashed about on his warhorse midway of the opposing lines, delivering taunts and challenges to the whites. As the old chief rode to and fro, a number of rifles were discharged at him in pointblank range without any effect whatever, which seeming immunity from death encouraged his warriors, and some of the Rangers even asked themselves if old Iron Jacket really bore a charmed life. Followed by a few of his braves, he now bore down upon the Rangers,described a few circles gave a few puffs of his breath and let several arrows fly at Colonel Ford, Capt. Ross and Chief Placido, receiving their fire without harm. But as he approached the line of the Tonkawas, a rifle directed by the steady nerve and unerring eye of one of their number, John Pockmark brought the Medicine man to the dust. The wound was a mortal one. The fallen chief was immediately surrounded by his braves, but the spirit of this conjuring Indian had taken flight to the happy hunting grounds.

These incidents occupied but a brief space of time, when the order to charge was given and the Rangers rushed to the assault. The enthusiastic shouts of the Rangers and the triumphant yell of their red allies greeted the welcome order. It was responded to by the defiant "war-whoop" of the Comanches. The shouts of the enraged combatants, the wails of women, the piteous cries of terrified children, the howling of frightened dogs, the deadly reports of rifle and revolver, constituted a discord of infernal noises.

The conflict was sharp and quick—a charge, a momentary exchange of rifle and arrow shots and heart-rending wail of discomforts and dismay—and the beaten Comanches abandoned their lodges and camps to the victors and began a disorderly retreat. But sufficient method was observed to take advantage of each growth of timber, each hill and ravine, to make a stand against their pursuers and thus enable the women and children to escape. The noise of battle now diverged from a common center like the spokes of a wheel and continued to greet the ear for several hours, gradually growing fainter as the pursuers disappeared in the distance.

But another division of Indians under the vigilant Peta Nacona was soon marching through the hills north of the Canadian to the rescue. Though ten miles distant, his quick ear caught the first sound of battle and soon he was riding, with Cynthia Ann by his side, at the head of five hundred warriors.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon the last of the Rangers returned from the pursuit of Pohebits Quasho's discomfited braves, just in time to anticipate this threatened attack.

Colonel Ford and his two hundred and twenty-one men had fought and routed over four hundred Comanches and were now confronted by a much stronger force,just fresh from their villages. They had come to retake their horses, plunder and prisoners, but did not fancy the defiant preparations awaiting them in the valley and were only awaiting to take advantage of any incautious movement of the Rangers, when the wiley Peta Nacona would spring upon them, and with one combined desperate effort annihilate the whole force. But his antagonist was a soldier of too much sagacity to allow any advantage to a vigilant foe.

The two forces stood contemplating each other for over an hour—the Comanches challenging the Tonkawas to single combat; but few of them were accepted, as they were more expert than the friendly Indians. Colonel Ford now ordered Placido, with a part of his warriors, to advance in the direction of the enemy and, if possible, to draw them into the valley so as to afford the Rangers an opportunity to charge them. This had the desired effect, and the Rangers were ready to deliver a charge when it was discovered the Tonkawas had removed the white bandages from their heads because they served as tarkets for the Comanches. Consequently the Rangers were unable to distinguish friend from foe. This necessitated the entire withdrawal of the Indians. The Comanches witnessed these preparations and now commenced to recoil. The Rangers advanced; the trot, the gallop, the headlong charge each followed in rapid succession. Lieutenant Nelson made a skillful movement and struck the enemy's left flank. The Comanches' line was broken and a running fight for three or four miles ensued. The enemy was

driven back wherever he made a stand.

The most determined resistance was made in a timbered ravine. Here one of Placido's warriors was killed and one of the rangers wounded. The Comanches left some dead upon the spit and had several more wounded. After routing them at this point, the Rangers continued to pursue them for some distance, intent upon making the women and children prisoners, but Peta Nacona, by the exercise of those commanding qualities, which had often before signalized his conduct on the field, succeeded in covering their retreat and thus allowing them to escape. It was now 4 o'clock p. m. Both horses and men were entirely exhausted and Colonel Ford ordered a halt and returned to the village. Brave old Placido and his warriors fought like so many demons. It was difficult to restrain them, so anxious were they to wreak vengeance upon the Comanche tribe. Seventy-five Comanches wer killed and only two Rangers killed and five wounded.

The trophies of the Pohebits Quasho, including his lance, bow and his celebrated coat of seale mail, head-dress and his shield were deposited in the State archieves at Austin by Colonel Ford. The brave old chief, Placido was assassinated by a party of Comanches at the reservation near Fort Sill in the latter part of the Civil War between the North and the South.

Build a Monument to the Old Time Trail Drivers.

George W. Saunders, San Antonio, Tex.

Very few people at this late date realize what the trail driving days meant to the development of Texas and the Northwest. The great trail-driving period in the history of Texas was a period in the history of Texas was a great chapter—very, very great. It was a picturesque period, a romantic era. The proceeds of the 10,000,000 cattle and 1,000,000 horses sold to the Northern markets and paid to Texas stockmen by the trail drivers; the flood of immigration and capital into our State, caused a value to be placed on Texas lands during trail days, and caused the greatest development ever known in the United States.

The dangers and the privations endured by those old empire builders while accomplishing these great achievements are almost unbelievable.

The two books I published, Volumes I and II of the Trail Drivers of Texas, give an authentic account of those trying days. The circulation of the billions of dollars produced by this industry, passing as it did directly through the channels that were open to receive it, created the prosperity that has been in evidence in Texas so long and enjoyed by the followers of the trail blazers.

You will agree with me that no set of men are more deserving of a monument to perpetuate their memory than these old trail drivers and old pioneer Texas cattlemen.

I realize the depressed financial condition of our country. I only ask each one according to his means.

We are receiving donations in amounts from five dollars up; the largest to date is two hundred dollars. Send all checks to W. W. Colier, Treasurer, at the City National Bank, San Antonio, Texas. Ike T. Pryor and Jim Dobie of San Antonio and J. A. Miller of Bandera are trustees for this fund, and will see that it is properly spent. Don't delay—send what you can at once, which will encourage others. I will publish names and doners weekly, but not the amount given. There is at this time thirteen hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury sent in by the following parties:

J. A. Miller
Louis Schorp
Georgo Burrow
X. Wanz
John Doak
J. W Jackson
S. D. Houston
Mrs. S. D, Houston
Agnus Houston
Berta Hoston
E. A. Robuck
Dan Murrah
E C. Goar
J. L. McCaleb
H .C. Williams
Andy Martin
S. A. Hickok
S. J. Harkey
Webster Wither
Joe F. Spettel
J. F. Burns
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R. J. Jennings
Gus Staples
J. W, Hargus
C. F. Doan
W. B. Hardeman
Confederate Veterans
I. C. Honegger
W. C, Horner
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J. H. Laxton
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Violet Haynes
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J W. Brite
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Mrs. D. H. Snider
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H, D. Steele
Tom Ragland
Joseph Rockowitz
E. S. Boatwright
B. S. Schmidt
F. P, Seekatz
J, J. Little
Old Trail Drivers Of Floresville
R. J. Lauderdale
Jim Bailey Wells

When this campaign is closed each donor will receive a nicely bound booklet free, containing the name and address of each donor, other data on trail life. and a list of the early ranch and road brands. This will be nice to hand down to coming generations. They can point with pride to the monument that their ancestors erected. All newspapers or magazines that publish this article and send me a copy or clipping will be placed on the list of donors to this fund. We would appreciate a check from them, also.

This appeal is meant for all loyal Texans. Don't consign this to the waste basket Show it to your friends. All a red-blooded Texan needs to make him send in his check is to see this article.

I am sending circulars all over the State and feel confident they will respond liberally to this most worthy enterprise.

San Antonio has been the meeting place and the stamping ground for cattlemen since the Batlle of San Jacinto and is the logical place for this historic monument.

We cannot stump the State for this fund and are depending on this article to do the work. Now let us Texans show the world that we have a warm spot in our hearts for the developers of our State. Let us speed up this fund and erect this grand structure so many of them can view it before they depart this life.

We are not begging. We only ask for free will contributions.

Recalls the Whitlock Massacre.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brooks of Burnet, Texas, recently celebrated their 58th wedding anniversary. It was also the anniversary of Mr. Brooks' 79th birthday. Mr. Brooks is the oldest living settler in the town of Burnet, having lived there since 1854. He possesses all of the inate energy and joyous disposition characteristic of the Texas pioneers. Despite his years of activity he takes a lively interest and an energetic part in all business conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are regular attendants at church.

Mr. Brooks relates some very thrilling Indian stories, all memories from his personal experience with the Red men in the early days in the Burnet settlement. In those days it required real and true courage, both of men and women, to remain in their homes and encounter the hardships and trials incident to this backwoods life. The Indians were very aggrssive and bloodthirsty, often making desperate and sudden attacks upon the settlers.

He vividly recalls the murder of the Whitlock family by the Indians at Long Mountain, a settlement between Burnet and Llano. The Indians came upon Mr. Whitlock while he was plowing in the field. They kiiled and scalped Mr. Whitlock without any ceremony and captured his five-year-old son who was in the field with him. The Indians went to the Whitlock home. Mrs. Whitlock seized a gun and made a brave effort to defend herself and children. The savages shot her and took the infant from her arms to the yard and dashed it to death against a tree. They took the five-year-old boy and the little girl with them, then after cutting the featherbeds and emptying the feathers in the air, set fire to the house and rode away. The little girl screamed until the Indians feared she would be heard so they dragged her to death at the heels of a horse. They were trailed by her blood and particles of clothing which were scattered along the route taken by them. It was an outrage that aroused the settlers and soon every able-bodied man was in the saddle ready to do and die for the settlement's protection.

Found a Wounded Indian.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

In the autumn of 1864 with a party of six men I was crossing what is known as the "Big Divide" between the present site of Junction City, before there was ever a house built there, however, and the headwaters of Johnson's fork of Guadalupe. It is about twenty-five miles across the big divide and no stream or water course runs through it. We had filled our canteens and water gourds, however, and when about four miles from the Guadalupe river we stopped to eat a midday meal. There was a small grove of liveoak trees surrounded by a thick growth of liveoak runners, which made a dense thicket covering about one acre, near where we stopped. Soon after we had halted I noticed a number of buzzards perched on the trees in a thicket where others were flying about in the vicinity. I called the attention of my comrades to these foul birds, and suggested that there was probably some animal dead or dying in the thicket. After we had eaten dinner my curoisity having been aroused I picked up my rifle and started to the thicket, determined to investigate. Macedonio called as I started 'Look out, sergeant, there may be a wounded Indian in that thcket" I paid no attenion to the old man, however, though of course I kept a sharp lookout and I had not penetrated far into the thicket before I came upon a wounded Indian. One of his legs had been broken by a gunshot and he had received two other wounds one in the shoulder and one in the side of his face. His bow and quiver of arrows as well as the tomahawk or hatchet were lying by his side, and he had a long butcher knife in his belt. When I approached him he tried to get his bow in positon to shoot, but he was so weak he could not do so. I spoke to him in Spanish but he made no reply, merely staring at me without batting an eye. I returned and told my companions of my discovery and we all repaired to the scene. I suppose the wounded Indian thought we were going to kill him, but after working with him for some time he was finally induced to drink from a water gourd one of the men hold to his lips. Then one of the men gave him some dried beef which he ate greedily. We then rigged up a horse litter, placed the Indian on it and carried him to the nearest water, about four miles away. There we made a bed for him by the side of a small rivulet upon which we laid him. We left a tin cup with him with which he could reach the water and also left three or four pounds of dried meat. with him. Some of fy men wanted to kill him but I talked them out of that idea. And I finally induced old Macedonio to dress his wounds and bandage them up in a rude fashion. There was not a ranch rdndTtahoosngmfbtaoinaha not a ranch nearer than thirty miles or I would have carried him there and there was probably not a doctor nearer than San Antonio, more than 100 miles away. We rode away and left him in the wilderness. We passed there again three days later and the wounded Indian was gone, though we searched the vicinity closly we found no trace of him. What became of him we never knew, but I have always believed that some of his companions were watching us when we carried him away and that they followed on our trail, found the wounded companion and carried him off. Old Macedonio never tired of abusing me because I would no let him kill the wounded Indian.

I neglected to state that a party of rangers belonging to another company had had a brush with Indians near where we found the man a few days before and had killed two or three of them and had doubtless wounded this one.

Send in Your Sketch.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

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"Slick" Clements Was a Good Marksman.

By J. B. Gillett, Ex-Ranger

June 1st, 1875, there was enlisted in Capt. D. W. Roberts' Co. "D," a young man by the name of W. T. Clements. Like the rest of us he was a raw recruit and a stranger in camp. He was born and raised in Brown county, Texas. At that time Brown county was away out on the frontier. The Comanches and Kiowas raided that country almost every light moon. Especially during the spring and summer months people living there were compelled to almost sleep with their guns and pistols in their hands. Clements, brought up under such conditions, soon learned the use of fire arms and he once said that he could hardly remember when he first learned to ride horse back and shoot.

He was a perfect blonde with light blue or grey eyes, was nearly six feet tall and at the time of his enlistment weighed about 160 pounds. He was of a quiet disposition, not inclined to talk much, but friendly and sociable. The only thing about him that attracted attention at all was he used an American model Smith & Wesson pistol instead of a Colts '45, which nearly all Rangers used.

There were always some Rangers in each camp who could shoot better than others and many of them were real crack shots. We often had shooting matches and the best shots were well known.

About a month after Capt. Roberts had recruited his company to its full strength, there appeared at camp a cowboy by the name of Ben Anderson. He was a cousin of Billy Clements and came to pay him a friendly visit. Anderson was quite a talker and mixer, rather sporty, and liked to gamble a little. He had not been in camp long before he asked if we had any good shots in the company and upon being told that we had some experts, Anderson offered to bet his horse that Bill Clements could beat any man in camp shooting at game or at a target with pistol or gun. No one seemed to care to bet with him. Anderson soon finished his visit and left.

Clements said nothing about his ability to shoot at all. The Rangers at that time were armed with Sharps carbines, 50 calibre, and a mighty sorry gun to hunt Indians with. They were short and light of weight, which made them heat easily, and when fired the recoil was fearful. Besides, they were poorly sighted.

The boys, by cutting a nickel in half and using it for a bead or front sight, could improve the shooting qualities of those old Sharps. Clements was handy at putting in those new sights and the rangers would try them out at targets, Clements of course shooting with them, and, just as Ben Anderson said, we soon found out that Clements could beat any man in camp shooting. Then while scouting it was seen that he was a great hunter and could easily supply any size scout with plenty of deer and turkey. I remember once being a scout with him. It was nearly time to camp for the night when the sergeant in charge of the scout noticed right in front of us three old buck deer laying down behind a little live oak thicket. The sergeant halted the command, called Clements and asked if he could kill one of those deer for supper. Clements said he thought he could, dismounted and slipped up within 25 yards of them, stepped suddenly out in plain view and the old bucks jumped up and ran. Clements killed all three of them before they could get away. If he could slip up right close to a bunch of wild turkeys and flush them, he could kill one or more on the wing with a rifle as easily as most men could kill them on the ground. Of course, this was after the Battalion had discarded the Sharps carbine and were armed with the best gun in the world, the Winchester.

From time to time the best shots in Co. "D" tried Clements, but he beat them all. The nearest approach we had to him as a shot in the company was Ed Sieker, Tom Bird and Jim White. It took Sieker a long time to be convinced that Clements was his master with Winchester or pistol. On one occasion an old German from Fredericksburg came to our camp with a load of fine watermelons. He had hauled them nearly one hundred miles and camped with us to sell them out. After the boys had bought some and were pretty well filled on melons, this German found the balance slow sale.

Some of the rangers offered to shoot with him for his melons. The German

bit for he was some shot himself, Clements of course, was selected to shoot against him. Twenty-five cents was staked against a melon. Clements beat him every shot and won the whole load, but after a good laugh all around, the melons were given back to their owner.

W. T. Clements quit Co. "D" and joined Major Jones' Escort at the same time the writer did, and on our trips up and down the line, Clements beat every man in the Batallion without exception, that could be inducted to shoot against him. I remember some of the rangers on the line saying to Clements, "Of course, you can beat us with that old long barrel Smith & Wesson," when Clements would smile, hand them his pistol, take their Colts and beat them just as bad as ever, and let them use his pistol.

All old rangers who were in the Battalion from 1875 to 1885 will remember W. T., or "Slick" Clements, as he was generally known. He played the violin well, and was a fine messmate. I have been on scouts with him when he would go to a wild turkey roost at night, select and kill a big fat gobbler, jump on him as soon as hehad fallen, pluck the feathers while the turkey was yet warm, bring him into camp, split him down the back, run a stout stick through him, place him before the campfire, roast him slowly for two hours, baste him with bacon grease and turn him from side to side until he was well done and nicely browned. Then with plenty of hot coffee and bread we would sit around our campfire sometimes until near midnight and have a feast fit for a king.

Clements, raised as he had been, was naturally a very healthy man. He was never sick until some twenty years ago he was stricken with pneumonia and died within twenty-four hours.

In the fall of 1878, Clements and the writer were sent to San Antonio to recover a stolen horse. We were detained in San Antonio three or four days before the horse was delivered us and while there visited a shooting gallery. There were twelve little iron black bird targets. If one knocked down all twelve without a miss, the cartridges did not cost anything. Clements knocked down forty-enight without a miss. The owner of the gallery said, "Try that bull's eye." This target was a small one, the black spot in the center was about the size of a lady's thimble. One had to hit it center to ring the bell. Clements stood without moving his position and rang the bell thirty times. The proprietor looked at him and said," H—l, I'll have to bar you off or I won't have a cartridge left in the house, or any money. A little boot-black who witnessed the shooting, followed us out on the street and as we passed some other boot-blacks he pointed to us and said, "There goes those shooting rangers. They went into old Joe Lang's shooting gallery, knocked down every target in his place and it did not cost them a cent."

THE FIRST ELECTION IN TEXAS.

Most Texans know that Sam Houston was the first elected executive in Texas, but few can realize now the situation in the new-born republic at the time of this first election in the fall of 1836. Affairs of State where in discord, there were mal-contents in every settlement, and there was that general condition of confusion and disorder that always follows a war for independence and the birth of a state. A temporary government had been set up a few months before, but this had met with opposition in many quarters and had been allowed to pursue a consistent policy. The citizens were flushed with the victory of San Jacinto, however, and among the masses (if one may call the population of Texas in 1836 "masses") there was the proper spirit and the right purpose, even though they were divided over many details.

The constitutional convention which had met at Washington in the previous March had made provision for an election, when the way became clear for such proceedure, and accordingly the tempoary government authorized the holding of an election for the choosing of a president. There were two candidate, Stephen F. Austin and Henry Smith. Immediately many of Sam Houston's friends importuned him to become a candidate, but he declined to seek the office until twelve days before election day, when the public clamor for him was so great that it appeared that the office was seeking the man. So Houston finally entered the race.

What really caused Houston to enter the race was his fear that Texas would be disrupted by the party spirit which had developed, even this early, to an alarming degree. It was a vigorous

campaign, for those days when campaigners had no railroads or automobiles or telephones or daily newspapers to help them in their campaign. The stump orator was surpreme, and there were plenty of these. It was a bitter campaign, and the entrance of Houston in the race twelve days before the election had the effect of rallying men from both sides and bringing to pass an election in which party allegiance was ignored and the voter voted for the man. Thus it happened that the first national election in Texas was similar to the first national election of the United States. In both elections, the people, without reference to party or platform, voted for the man and in each case it was the man who had been leader of the revolutionary army that was elected.

Of the three candidates voted for, Sam Houston received 4,374 votes; Henry Smith received 743, and Stephen F. Austin received 578. (In other words, the total voting strength of Texas in 1836 was less than 6,000 votes.) It was practically a vote of acclamation. It was a splendid tribute to Houston of what and how the eople of Texas though of him, and how they valued his service. His election was the biggest landslide that Texas politics has yet recorded, and it was accomplished by maneuvering by no strategy or party management. When Houston finally consented to run for the presidency almost the entire voting strength of the State flocked to his banner. Close friends of the other candidates stood by these two and there was a small aggregation of adventurers who opposed Houston and used every means to traduce his name and weaken his candidacy.

At the same time Houston was elected president, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected vice-president. The new president showed the sincerity of his anti-party attitude by appointing men to his cabinet from all factions, his endeavor being not to recognize the faction so much as to get a good man for the place. So his two opponents were called into the administration. Stephen F. Austin was made secretary of State, and Henry Smith secretary of the treasury. Senators and representatives were elected at this general election and on October 3, 1836, the first congress of the republic met at Columbia and was organized.

Hon. David G. Burnett was president ad interim of the government temporarily organized by the constitutional convention at Washington on the previous March. On October 22, (in the morning) he tendered his resignation, and immediately congress passed a resolution accepting this and providing that the auguration of President-elect Houston take place that very day at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A joint committee was appointed by the two houses to wait upon the president-elect and notify him of his action. Promptly at 4 o'clock Gen. Houston was introduced to the house of representatives, the oath of office was administered by the speaker, and Sam Houston was proclaimed president of Texas. Then President Houston faced the assembly and delivered the inaugural address. It was an extemporaneous speech; only four hours before he had been notified that the inauguration was to take place that afternoon, and the four hours had been spent in meeting friends and in conversation. Notwithstanding this, the address is a gem of oratory as well as a masterly presentation of the conditions then existing in Texas and of the new State's position among the nations. In some respects, this address is the most important paper in the archives of the republic, and bears large interest to the student of constitutional government in Texas.

One question was uppermost at this time. It was the question of annexation. The people had voted on this at the recent election, and Houston refers to it in his speech in these words: "In our recent election the important subject of annexation to the United States of America was submitted to the consideration of the people. They have expressed their feelings and their wishes on that momentous subject. They have, with a unanimity unparalleled, declared that they will be reunited to the great republican family of the north. This appeal is made by a willing people. Will our friends disregard it? They have already bestowed upon us their warmest sympathies. Their manly and generous feelings have been enlisted on our behalf. We are cheered by the hope that they will receive us to participate in their civil, political and religious rights, and hail us welcome into the great family of freedom. Our misfortunes have been their misfortunes—our sorrows, too, have been theirs' and their joy of our success has been irreepressible."

"Wild Bill" Hickok, Peace Officer of Trail Days.

Scoop Conlon, in Houston Chronicle.

"Wild Bill Hickok had "a disposition gentle as a zephyr, but a determination stronger than a hurricane!" So runs the rather remarkable discription by an old-time Western chronicler of one of the most famous of frontier figures. A gentleman answering to this vivid description would be sure to leave his mark indelibly stamped anywhere, any time.

Even if the chronicler of the late seventies might have waxed a trifle enthusiastic, historical authorities agree that "Wild Bill"' Hickok,' most picturesque of all gunmen, stands alone without a prototype. Because Wild Bill was essentially one of the civilizers of the frontier, in the sense that a vigilance posse is such—as well as for his better known qualities, unexcelled gun play, daring exploits, rare courage, honor and bravery.

It is said that Wild Bill was the finest looking man of his time on the frontier. His pictures reveal him to have been a magnificent physical specimen as well as strongly handsome in features. He stood about 6 feet 2 inches in height, and weighed about 190 pounds. He wore his auburn hair long and flowing. He likewise gloried in one of the sweeping, drooping mustaches of the day. His was a distinguished appearance.

Wild Bill was born a dignified James Butler Hickok. The birth place was near Troy Grove, La Salle County, Ill. The time was May 27, 1837,. He was one of a family of six children. His advantages for education were limited and he grew up with little schooling. His reading consisted of thrilling stories of adventures which he was destined to make read like the Rollo stories When he grew to young manhood he was regarded as the best rifle and pistol shot in the county. At 19 he struck out for the West.

To avoid confusion it would be well to explain how James Butler Hickok got the name of Wild Bill, although it doesn't fit this part of the story. One time during his career when he was acting as a team master for the Overland Stage Company at a certain station, he engaged in such a terrible fight single-handed against nine men, all of whom he killed, with rifle, revolver and Bowie knife, that the whole frontier rang with the tales of the mighty deed. It was a year before James Butler Hickok recovered, and when he did he discovered that fame had touched him, and branded him Wild Bill. Until the day of his untimely death, he unquestionably lived up to his name.

For several years after he went West he followed the life of trapping and hunting. When the civil war broke out, Hickok was one of the first to enlist for the Union. As a master of a wagon train he first distinguished himself in a thrilling fight with Confederates. Surrounded by a company of the enemies, Wild Bill gave fight single-handed and beat off his pursuers in a wild ride to Kansas City. He accounted for several, but he himself was so badly wounded that he was forced to forego such activities temporarily.

When he was fully recovered he volunteered his services as a scout and spy. His field activities ranged through the Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas country. In the latter role he attached himself to General Price's Confederate forces. When he had the necessary information he took a one-in-a-thousand chance to get through the lines to his own commander. Challenging a bragging sergeant to a show of daring by racing before the Union lines, he faced the fire of his own comrades, and when he had tricked the sergeant, made the final dash amid the hail of fire from both sides. Despite this narrow escape he accomplished an even more daring exploit in much the same manner a few weeks later. Although he was now a marked man he ventured once too often. He was captured by Price's forces and condemned to death. How he effected his escape was in keeping with the other miracles that made his life seemingly a charmed one. He managed to find a knife in the cabin where he lay closely guarded, cut the thongs that bound him, killed the guard, and again fought his way through the lines.

Finally Wild Bill drew the line at spying, and became a scout. During this period which lasted to the end of the war Wild Bill fought so many terrible battles single-handed that his fame swept the frontier country. Even in

those days he was a terror to the bushwhackers and guerrillas who terrorized Missouri and Kansas and adjacent territories.

And although his activities were confined mostly to battling such evildoers he managed to do his share of Indian fighting. His Bowie knife duel with a chief who betrayed him to the Confederates has gone down in frontier annals as one of the most desperate struggles ever staged between two men. As we have just started on Wild Bill's career, it goes without saying that, although Bill went to the hospital, the Indian went to the happy hunting grounds.

After the war Wild Bill returned to his beloved West to become chief scout for General Custer. Little mention is made of this all important fact in history, but Mrs. Elizabeth Custer pays tribute to Wild Bill in her book, "Tenting on the Plains," for his brave deeds, and comments admiringly upon his distinguished appearance and carriage.

When the mushroom towns of the wild and turbulent Kansas frontier came into being shortly after the war, the man most sought after to establish and maintain law and order was "Wild Bill Hickok." Only a fearless and daring soul, who craved the excitement of danger, would have taken the job of marshal or sheriff in those days, and only a great gunman could have survived long enough to do any good.

Toughest of these towns at first was Hays City. It was quite natural for Wild Bill to accept the job of city marshal of this place. To attempt to enumerate the marshal's gun fights with the bad men who overran the town would require a book. Suffice it to say that he emerged from each conflict the victor. Despite the fact that today history records Wild Bill Hickok as the fastest man on the draw that ever lived, the ambitious gents of those days didn't know it. There were always a few that figured they were better men than Wild Bill. When they found out the truth, it was always too late. As a matter of fact, the redoubtable marshal didn't bar anybody. He made his exit from Hays City, following a fight single-handed against 15 soldiers. He was later exonerated, but this honor didn't do him any good at the time. They picked on him because a certain sergeant disliked the way Bill ran him into the hoosegow when he got drunk and disorderly. After a fist fight in which the doughty marshal triumphed as completely as he usually did with his guns, the soldiers jumped him. Casualties: four dead, one injured. The latter was Wild Bill.

Abilene, once called the Gomorrah of the West, next secured Wild Bill's services as marshal. Abilene was the town so picturesquely described by the late Emerson Hough in his story "North of 36." It was the end of the Chisholm trail, over which the immense droves of cattle from Texas ranges were driven to the Northern markets. Although the worthy citizens of Abilene knew Bill's reputation and hoped for freedom from the orgy of lawlessness, they doubted the ability of one man to clean up the place.

No sooner had Wild Bill started to work than the greatest gun man in Texas decided to shoot it out for the championship. He got the drop on Bill, but Bill was faster. So impressive was Wild Bill in his work that the morals of Abilene improved at once. Texas was not satisfied yet, however, so eight of the best gunmen came north after Wild Bill. They vowed to cut out his heart and bring it back. Hearing of their purpose, the marshal who had not served as a scout and spy without learning something of strategy, met his opponents on the train. Only he took care that it was entirely a surprise affair, with himself as host. It was a peculiar point of honor with Wild Bill that he never shot a man unless he had to in self-defense, so he showed his magnaminity this time by merely forcing the eight ambitious killers to jump off the train, while it was doing 30 or more. Those that could went back to Texas. And Wild Bill kept his heart intact.

Although the famous marshal lived and thrived on danger, the almost daily necessity of taming bad men finally wore on his nerves. He yearned to lay aside his guns and live a life of peace. After a brief sojourn as city marshal of another Kansas town, Ellsworth, he retired to devote his time to the comparatively peace occupation of gambling and adventuring. He had had to kill so many men in the line of duty that he sickened of his job and quit. It was after this period that he visited Dodge City, where was gathered the greatest "peace commission" of Western history, headed by the famous Bat Masterson as sheriff, and including Wyatt

Earp, Charlie Bassett, Bill Tighlman, Luke Short and Doc Holliday. These were the greatest gunfighters of Western history, and it is forever to their credit that they put their talents to preserving law and order in the town that took its place as the toughest in the whole West. For a time it was the center of the great buffalo hide industry. Here thrived the famous Boot Hill cemetery.

To chronicle Wild Bill's side ventures, which were fully as original and colorful as his fighting career, would be impossible here. Best known perhaps was his amusing stage debut with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack in a "blood and thunder" thrilled by Ned Buntline. When he discovered himself billed as the greatest "killer" of the plains he quit, insulted, as by nature he was one of the most retiring and modest of men.

Shortly after his stage venture he followed the Black Hills gold rush to the Dakotas, where at Deadwood he was assasinated by a cowardly gambler, who was hung for the crime. So it was thot that Wild Bill Hickok, whom no man could face in a fair gun fight and live to tell of it, died without even a gambler's chance.

He lies buried at Mount Moriah cemetery, Deadwood, and nearby his resting place lies the famous Western female character who admired—and perhaps loved—him so much, Calamity Jane.

There is the last bivouac of the greatest gunman of the West, who, true to his code, died with his boots on!

Recalls Indian Raids in the 70's

Fifty years ago, Captain Henry Strong, now a resident of Wichita county, was serving in the capacity of post guide at Fort Richardson, near Jacksboro, Texas.

In assisting the soldiers in quieting the Indian invasions and driving them back on their trips of depredation in that section of the country. Capt. Strong passed over that part of the State. At that time there were no ranchhouses in Wichita county.

It was in the later part of October, 1873, that a party of Indians were on a plundering trip through that section. They launched an attack on the Williams Ranch and Scott ranch south of the Brazos River in Stephens county.

Capt. Strong, in recalling the incident, remembered a man, Gabriel Heminger, who was employed on the Wiliams ranch, and recalls that Heminger was wounded at the time the Indians made the attack. Heminger was not seriously wounded and recovered.

"This raid of the Indians in 1873 was not a serious one," Capt. Strong said, "but their invasion two years prior to that time resuled in an attack on the wagon train owned by Henry Warren and a man by the name of DuBois. The Indians made an attack on the train eiher May 12 or 13, 1871, killed nine men, wounded two others and took with them all the horses and wagons and provisions which were intended for Fort Belknap.

"I carried the message to Mr. Warren about the attack and brought him to Fort Richardson. The following day I joined the troops and followed the Indians to Oklahoma, where we arrested three of the leaders and returned with them.

"I know that the report that depredations were committed in Wichita county are incorrect, because at that time, in 1873, there were no ranch houses in Wichita county, and I do have a clear remembrance that Scott and Williams ranches were located south of the Brazos in Stephens county.

Pioneer Preacher Secures Audience

Early services in the Salt River valley are yet bright in the memory of many of the present residents. Sometime along in '73 Parson Heritt, a long, lanky, firey-haired exhorer of he Methodist persuasion, came to the infa nt town of Phoenix, peddling something or other. When he indicated a desire to hold church services, he was cordially invited to use the large room at the old adobe court house, but was warned he might expect few hearers. The people in town were generally very busy on Sundays and the country folks had not been informed. Sunday morning, however, the parson started out to rustle up a congregation. Tho only vehicle he could borrow was a huge header bed, in which some straw had been left. In this peculiar conveyance he made the round to the ranches within a half-dozen miles of the town and before noon had picked up as many persons as his wagon could carry. After services he returned them in the same manner. Naturally, therefore he was known as "Parson Headerbed."—Col. J. H. McClintock in Phoenix (Arizona) Republican.

John Fleutsch, a Frontier Justice.

By John Warren Hunter

Fort McKavett was established by the government in 1852 and was garrisoned by U. S. Regulars until the outbreak of the war between the States, after which the troops were withdrawn. During the four years of the war, the post was occupied by less than a dozen families of hardy frontiersmen who kept guard over their families, their flocks and herds and maintained an incessant warfare against the frequent raids of thieving savages, white as well as red. After the close of the war, and along about the fall of 1886, Fort McKavett was reoccupied by Federal troops, the post was enlarged, at infinite expense to the capacity of a ten-company garrison, and became one of the most prominent on the West Texas border, and so continued until the year 1882, when it was again abandoned, for the reason that the presence of United States troops was no longer required in this part of Texas, the Indians having been subdued and cooped up on reservations in the Indian Territory.

The section of land on which the post was built belonged to a man named Robinson, who lived in one of the New England States, and the agreement entered into was to the effect that all improvements made on the land by the government were to revert to Robinson when the government decided upon a final abandonment of the post, which might be at a period wholly indefinite. So when the post was abandoned in 1882, the buildings, including officers' quarters barracks, quarter master's and commissary buildings, hospital, corrals and other buildings too numerous to mention, costing the government over one million dollars—all these reverted to the owner of the land, and for several years house rent was remarkably cheap in Fort McKavett. The old post became and so continued for several years, the headquarters of stockmen, freighters and cowboys, with a superabundance of drifting characters, many of the latter being refugees from other states and life was a round of kaleidoscopic changes, intermixed with multitudinous pleasure. recurrent comedy with now and then the other extreme in which border tragedy left its startling impress.

Among the many justices of the peace who served their day and generation at Fort McKavett, no man gained wider notoriety and did more to maintain the majesty of the law than John Fleutsch, and for many years during his incumbency and long after, the reputation of Judge Fleutsch's rulings and decisions were on a par with those of Judge Preusser of San Angelo, and Judge Roy Bean of "Law-West-of-the Pecos" fame. Judge Fleutsch was a native of Switzerland, but because of his Teutonic cast of feature and his foreign accent he was always put down as a full blooded German. When he first made his advent at Fort McKavett, I am not informed; some say he came as a soldier, and remained as a citizen after his honorable discharge from the army. However, of this, I cannot vouch, but I do know that he becamea prominent figure in local affairs at Fort McKavett along about the time of is abandonment by the government and continued for years, to make himself useful to the community.

The office of justice of the peace in that day and time, was no sinecure; the emoluments were few and the perquisites were rare, meager and far between. And besides, society was of the border variety. Two saloons flourished in the post and cowboys and other dare-devils made things exceedingly lively when they came to town, and seldom a week passed in which they did not show up, get on a tear and "shoot up the town." No more generous, big-hearted men—these cowboys—ever lived, and their habit of "shooting up" things and making the old town look smoky, was merely the escape of youthful energy, they intended no harm to anyone and it was their invariable rule to return shortly after one of their sprees and pay all damages they may have wrought. It was their way of having a good time, and there are staid, pious old brethren in San Angelo today, who, if put on oath, would have to admit they too, had engaged in like pastimes when "the country was wild and wooly."

But there were bad men among the good at McKavett; there were desperadoes who denied the law and there were Mexicans who had small regard for its majesty, and the civil element wanted a justice of the peace who was not afraid

to administer the law. The wild cowboys wanted a man of like caliber and one who would distinguish between vicious fun and innocent amusement and the result was that all parties centered upon John Fleutsch for justice of peace and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. When the votes were counted and the result declared, a great ovation followed. Sam Wallick and Tom Ball were detailed as a committee to escort John to the grand reception at the spacious hall in the old hospital where the crowd had assembled. An improvised platform had been aranged and to which John was escorted. He was called on for a speech, and this is what he said:

"Fellow citizens: I tank you vor your gonfidence mit me on dees oggoshun. I haf neffer ask you vor offes, und I neffer make dees race. You have elected me for your yoostes of der bease, und now I tells you dot mit your help, I shall make dese bad mans hard to catch. I don't know noddings about de written law in deese books, but I knows vat is right und vat ess wrong, und right now I tells you gowpoys dot vhen you gomes to dees town a nd shoots it up mit your peestols, I sends you to shail py craminy! Und, my vellow citizens I tells you right now, aldright, dot ze bad man vat sdays around McKavett und tries to keep up his teffilment he vas better be in hell mit hees back proke! You stay mit me, und I vill stay mit you already, und ve makes goot times in MaGavett." (Wild cheering.)

George Niel was elected constable at the same election, a position he held with great credit all the years of Judge Fleutsch's incumbency. George was a heavy-set, muscular fellow, harmless in disposition, devoted to the care of his aged mother, and has just sense enough to do whatever he was told to do by the Honorable Court. He made a model constable.

Suit was brought to recover a debt and the court decided in favor of the defendant, notwithstanding the fact that the plaintiff had clearly established his claims. Counsel protested and offered to cite the statutes. He was ordered to sit down, but he persisted until the court got mad and, pointing his finger at the lawyer, shoued: "To hell mit your lawbook; dees court knows its beesness." "We give notice of appeal," said the eminent counsel. "Abbeal and be tammed," roared the court. "I gif you to ondersthand dot dere vas no abbeal from dees court, und if you open your mouth any more altready I fines you for contempt mit de court!"

A Mexican with a most unsavory reputation was brought into court by Constable Niel and tried for horse stealing. The evidence adduced was clear and incontrovertibe and the court sentenced the culprit to the penitentiary for a term of twenty-five years, and ordered George Niel to start next morning with the prisoner for the pen. George obeyed, going by way of Junction, where, having to stay over night, he placed his Mexican in the Kimble county jail for safe keeping. The next morning while in conversation with the sheriff he related the circumstances of the Mexican's arrest and conviction and the further fact that he was then on his way to San Antonio, where he would turn his prisoner over to the proper authorities to be conveyed to Huntsville. When in possession of the facts in the case, the sheriff told George that the best thing he could do would be to turn that Mexican loose and go back home, that no justice of the peace in Texas had the authority to try a man and send him to the penitentiary George took the hint and went back and reported to the court that his Mexican had got away. At this the judge stormed around and swore that if George ever let another prisoner get away, he would send him to the pen for life.

Two years later, this same Mexican was arrested and arraigned before Judge Fleutsch on a charge of rape, the alleged victim being a 14-year-old girl of his own nationality. The proof as to his guilt was positive, convincing and in rendering his verdict the judge reasoned thus: "Dees vas an awful crime und I makes you de highest penalty mit de law. You makes some troubles mit dees court altreaty before. Because you vas a great big thief, one time I sends you to de benitentiary und you esgape und get avay und hide in de brush. If I sends you to de shail or to de pen now, you break oudt und run off agin. So I fix you right now altready; Shorge Niel, dees vas de order of dees court; you takes dees man down by de crafeyard und shoot heem, und may de Lawd haf mercy mit your soul." With drawn pistol George collared the trembling Mexican and started him to the place of execution, fully intent on carrying out the

sentence of the court. The crowd followed and when they reached the cemetery, older heads convinced the constable that he was about to cimmit murder for which he was liable to be hanged and that no justice of the peace could legally sentence a man to death. But George stood in mortal fear of the court. He had allowed this same culprit to escape once before, and Hizoner had threatened him with a life term in the pen if he should permit another escape. Finally to save George, it was agreed among all hands: The Mexican promised to clear out and never be seen in that country again, and all the crowd was to stand by George in his story that he had obeyed the mandate of the court and that the Mexican was dead as Hector. The plan worked, and the judge believes to this day that the majority of the law was vindicated and that George killed that Mexican.

The judge's first experience in the matrimonial line was during his first year in office. A young couple came to his office and asked him to solemnize the rites of matrimony, this was something new and the court was at a loss to know how to proceed. He consulted John Q. Adams, who told him that the Methodist Discipline contained the proper form for the marriage ceremony and advised him to get a copy, for future use. The judge hunted all over town for the coveted book but failed to find it. In fact, there was but one old Methodist in town and years ago the boys had used up his only copy of the Discipline for cigarette paper long ago. Meantime, the prospective groom had become weary with waiting and to relieve the monotony, left his girl at the judge's office, went to the saoon, got full, got into a fight and whipped the barkeeper. George Niel nabbed him and brought him around just as the judge was returning from his fruitless search for a Discipline. "Aldtrigh," said the judge, when informed of the circumstances, "I marries you first, und maybeso, I sends you to shail. Oben court, Meester Consthable." Then he asked the couple to stand up and join hands. "You dake dees gurril vat you holts py de right hant, for better nor it vas, or vorse dan it ees?" "I do" said the groom. "You dake dees mon vat you got mit your right hant, for vat he ees vorth?" "I do," responded the bride. "Aldtright in der presence of dese vitnesses und py de autoridy of de State of Texas, I now makes you mon und voman!" The crowd cheered until order in the court was retored, when the judge added: "Der fine und costs een dees case ees fife dollar." "You mean the fee judge; there is no law to fine a man for getting married in this town," chimed in Charley dams. The court acquiesced, pocketed the tendered five, and then proceeded to try the bridegroom on the charge of fighting in a public place. The trial consumed the remained of the day; nearly every man and boy in town was haled up as witness for the State; the young man demanded a jury, but was informed by the court that he could have no jury since every available juryman was a witness in the case He was fined $25 and costs and the latter footed up an enormous sum. When asked, later why he had so many witnesses brought in to testify when the defendant offered to enter a plea of guilty, he explained by saying that the boys needed pocket change and he wanted to give them a chance to earn a dollar or two while he had it in his power, and that such a course would serve to inspire those disturbers of the peace with a greater respect for the law, and that a few more like instances would teach them to observe good behavior when they came to McKavett. And his theory held good.

These foregoing instances of the judge's eccentricities are related from heresay—report common throughout the country in those days and were the subjects of good humored gossip around every campfire and in every bar-room, hence they are related as they were told to me and thousands of others. But the following I give as facts because I was there.

Two Mexicans, employed on Col. Wm. L. Black's ranch above town, had a falling out over the ownership of an old six-shooter, worth at that time, in 1886, about ten dollars. They came to town for the purpose of taking the matter into court. I was asked by one of the parties to go with them before the justice to serve as an interpreter. I showed them the folly of going into court over such a trivial matter,, explaining that the cost would amount to three times the value of the property in the controversy and suggested an arbritation stating that this could be had without cost to any one. This suited them exactly and on their own suggestion and by mutual consent they chose Alcalde

Fleutsch to sit in arbitrament. It may be stated here, that in Mexico, all Mexicans hold the Alcalde in favor next to the priest. The Alcalde is the walking, living, breathing embodiment of law and justice and whatever he says is law and gospel. It was this spirit of confidence that led these men to chose Alcalde Fleutsch as their arbitrator. I went with them to the judge's office and explained matters. With a twinkle in his honest blue eye, he said: "Aldtright I vill hear dees case tomorrow morndings at nine o'clock. Dey leaves de peestol mit me, und you dell dese fellows dot de mon vot prings der most vitnesses he gets de peestol."

The next morning the clans began to gather and by 8 o'clock the square was black with Mexicans. They began to tank up and I began to entertain fears of a riot. At 9 o'clock, George Niel opened court with due form and solenmity. I was sworn in as interpreter. Getting the Alcalde's ear, I whispered: "Judge, this is not supposed to be a justice court; it is only a matter of arbitration." "You go to hell; ve get some cost," was all he said. Witnesses were sworn and questioned. One of the Mexicans put nine witnesses on the stand, the other had only his own statement to offer. The nan that had the most witnesses got the gun. The court's ruling was like this. "'I geefs de peestol to dot leetle black Mexican, because he had de most vitnesses. Meester Constable der costs een dis case is seventeen dollar und fifty cents; you vill take charge of dot Mexican vat has been der loser in dees case, und hold heem two hour, und if he dond pay up dot sevteen dollar und feefty cents in dot time, you take heem to shail at Menardville!"

George stepped forward, siezed the Mexican by the nap of the neck and shoved him into the yard, and an hour later the Mexican had raised the money among his compadres and the court was happy. When the judge rendered his decision I turned to the winner and told him his success. He then requested me to ask the Alcalde for his pistol, I told him to leave the gun with me until some night in the future when he could come to my house and get it; that the crowd outside was in a bad humor, and that if he should appear among them with that pistol, somebody was going to get hurt. The judge understood Spanish and overheard the conversation, whereupon, turning to me he said, "Geef heem de peestol und ven he gets down about Post Spring, I had Shorge Niel arrest heem, und ve get more cost und de peestol too!" I turned and handed the Mexican his gun and said: Take this pistol and carry it in your hand, straight home; you have that right and if George Niel or any other man attempts to take your gun, shoot him."

The Mexican went home unmolested.

In this trial Judge Fleutsch awarded me two dollars for my service as interpreter, and notwithstanding the fact that I had served in like capacity in many courts in West Texas, that two dollars was about all the cash I ever got out of my knowledge of the Spanish language.

On Saturday late in December, 1886, a large crowd of Mexicans from neighboring ranches gathered in McKavett. The weather was extremely cold and these Mexicans built a large fire on the little square in front of the saloon, and along towards night became quite noisy. Most of them had imbibed pretty freely, and some one reported to the Alcalde that there was going to be trouble in camp if he did not do something to quiet those Mexicans. The judge ordered George Niel to go down there and notify the revelers that they had either to keep quiet or get out of town. George bolted into camp and while delivering the judge's orders, a drunken Mexican, more in a spirit of good-humored bravado than wrath, made a horse-play at George with a little old half-worn, sway-back butcher knife. George grabbed the man by the collar, relieved him of his bilduque and marched him up to the Alcalde's office. Without any formality other than George's statement to the effect that the prisoner had tried to kill him with a butcher-knife, the Alcalde assessed his fine at twentyfive dollars and upon learning that he had no money, he ordered George to take him to the county jail. By this time the day was far spent; in fact, it was near sundown and intensely cold. George said to the court: "It is 22 miles to Menardville and a man would freeze to death making the trip on such a night as this and therefore I am not going to attempt such an impossibility." "Then takt him to the calaboose," said the judge. "You know as well as I do," said George, "that the calaboose is a wreck and has been ever since Wild Bill tore it to pieces and got

away on the night of the election." "Then take heem and shain heem to a tree!" roared the judge. George took the judge at his word. He marched the Mexican down to Sam Wallick's store and bought two padlocks. He then linked two chains together by passing one through the ring of the other. One end of the chain he locked about the neck of his Mexican; then leading him like a horse out on the bleakest spot on the square, he padlocked the other end of the chain to a liveoak, and went home. I had been hunting that day and did not return until after dark and when I reached home I found several Mexicans waiting outside who betold me of their compadre's predicament and begged me to go and see the Alcalde and try and get him to come and modify his sentence. I went with them to where the fellow was chained and found him nearly dead from the effects of the cold. I ordered the men to remain with him while I went forth to interview the judge. It was then about 9 o'clock and I found the judge in bed. It took me quite awhile to rouse him. Finally, I got him up in a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his first question was: "'Who in the hell are you?" I explained the object of my visit and told him of the inhumanity of his order and that if he did not have that Mexican removed and properly cared for, I would raise a crowd and turn him loose. "I fines you twenty-fife dollar," said the judge. "For what?" I demanded. "For gondempt of dees court!" Finding that I was on a fool's errand, I hastened over to George Niel's residence, only to find him in a worse trance than the Alcalde. I could not extract even as much as a groan from George, hence, I went around and called on Doc Word and Tom Elliot, and passing the Alcalde's abode, we got his ax and it didn't take us long to chop the trace chain loose from the live oak, thus freeing the Mexican. We took him to a place of comfort and safety, gave him his supper and a warm bed, and the next morning we turned him over to the constable, who finally landed him in jail at Menardville, where he lay out his time.

When we consider the conditions of West Texas at that period and the tough element with which he had to deal, the many eccentricities of Judge Fleutsch will stand for approval rather than condemnation. No one wanted the office of justice of the peace, and he was the only man who would accept it, and that with the plain, clear understanding that he would make it exceedingly warm for evil-doers. He made good, and for several years held the office with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the people he served. He knew little of law; a lawyer he despised, and the attorney who appeared in his court with a stack of law books, was regarded with contempt. Justice and equity he strove to administer, and if in certain instances his decrees seemed harsh and unreasonable, he believed the result would prove beneficial to the community and be a warning to others. And the result of his long incumbency as justice of the peace proved his wisdom. Cowboys ceased to "shoot up" the town, the bad hombre sought other fields, toughs and gamblers became civil, and old For McKavett became noted for its orderly and law-abiding people. After ten years of faithful service, Judge Fleutsch retired from office. So firmly had he established in the minds of the people, a wholesome regard for law and order around McKavett, that since his retirement the office of justice of the peace in that precinct was regarded as an empty honor, and it is quite seldom that they can find a man to accept it. Tom Ball tried it once, and held the office two years, but finding there was nothing in it, he refused to stand for re-election. Wags about town tell it that in order to get something out of the office, every time he stood in need of a sack of flour, he would have a Mexican arrested. Of course Tom denies the charge, and says these same wags would have contributed largely towards buying that flour had they told such scandulous tales on him while he was Alcalde.

John C. Freemont, the "Pathfinder of the Rockies," was appointed governor of Arizona June 12, 1878, by President Hayes. It was said he received the post to enable him to relieve pressing financial obligations. Prescott, then the capital, provided the new governor, without cost to him, a comfortabe home, well furnished.

If you have an old book or pamphlet containing early Texas history, accounts of Indian depredations, etc., which you do not care for, send it to Frontier Times . We are collecting historical data all of the time, and you may have just what we need.

The Killing of Sam Bass.

J. B. Gillett, Ex-Ranger Co. Co. E., Frontier Battalion.

Since the death of ex-United States Marshal R. C. Ware I have seen numerous accounts of the capture and death of that chief of train robbers, Sam Bass. As those are mostly far from correct, being written by parties not acquainted with the facts, I, as an ex-ranger of Company E, frontier battallion, wha was present at the capture and death of Bass, feel disposed to give to your many readers what I think to be true report of this memorable fight.

It is unnecessary to go into details as to who Sam Bass was. Every old Texan knows that, so I will get right down to the facts in the case. Jim Murphy, a former member of the Bass gang, had been arrested and to save himself from conviction, agreed with the authorities that if allowed to go he would rejoin the Bass gang and then give them away. Murphy was admitted to bail and when court came on he failed to show up. It was then given out that Jim Murphy had jumped his bond. This was done to make the play good, and Murphy was soon back with the robbers.

Bass had some good friends on the outside and they sent him word to kill Jim Murphy, saying, "He is a spy in your camp." Bass and Barnes confronted Murphy with those reports and said:

"Jim you must die."

Murphy of course denied the reports and begged for his life, offering to take the lead in the next hold up. Still Bass was not satisfied, and it seemed for a while there would be murder in camp. Finally Frank Jackson, Bass's able lieutenant said, "Sam, I have known Jim Murphy all of my life; I am sure he is no traitor. You can not kill him without first killing me."

This settled it. Murphy was allowed to continue with the band, but I was told by Murphy himself that on the way down from Denton county to Waco, that Bass and Barnes rode together and scarcely spoke a dozen words to him and Jackson.

The household was thus divided and this was the beginning of the end. At Waco they looked over the town and Jackson was enthusiastic. He thought they could take in any bank in the place, but Bass, more careful, considered the undertaking too hazardous. He concluded to go south and try the bank at Round Rock. Murphy was getting anxious. He was under suspicion and was watched closely. Gen. Jones sitting in his office at Austin was wondering what had became of the Bass gang and Murphy.

At Belton, Bell county, Texas, Bass sold a pony and while arranging the bill of sale, Murphy slipped out for a minute and mailed a letter to Gen. Jones, saying: "We are on our way to rob the Round Rock bank, for God's sake be there to prevent it."

This letter came to Gen. Jones like a flash of lightning from an undimmed sky. He was expecting to hear of the Bass gang in far northern Texas and here they were marching straight on the capitol. Gen. Jones, the Napoleon of Texas, though taken by surprise, saw there was not a moment to lose—that he must quickly concentrate his forces at Round Rock. At that time there was camped in the capitol yard a detachment of Company E, frontier batallion, consisting of Corporal Vernon C. Wilson, (nephew of ex-Governor Coke), Privates Dick Ware, Chris Conner and George Harold. Gen. Jones called Corporal Wilson to him and said:

"Sam Bass it at Round Rock to rob the bank. We must prevent it if possible. I want you to carry orders to lieutenant N. O. Reynolds, at San Saba, Texas, to march on Round Rock as fast as possible. Corporal, I expect you to save neither yourself nor your horse. You know the importance of the mission." (At that time,, 1878, there was no telegraph to San Saba.)

The General then ordered Ware, Conner, and Harold to proceed to Round Rock, put their horses in the livery stable, and they themselves keep from view as much as possible. The general then, having everything in motion, hurried by rail to Round Rock, with Morris Moore, a deputy sheriff of Travis county.

Corporal Wilson, true to instructions made the ride of his life. He killed his horse in the ride to Lampasas, sixty-five miles, but was enabled to catch the outgoing San Saba stage and landed at lieutenant Reynold's camp on the San Saba river at 7:30 p. m. Well does the writer remember that bright July evening nearly forty-eight years ago. The boys in camp had just finished supper,

and had fed and tied up their horses for the night. Wilson's arrival in camp caused great excitement. We all knew something was up.

Lieut. Reynolds, that king of the rangers, called Sergeant C. L. Nevil to his tent and said: "Bass is at Round Rock. We must be there as early as possible tomorrow. Make a detail of eight men, and select those that have horses the best able to make a fast run, and you with them be ready to report here at my tent ready to ride in thirty minutes."

And so just at night we started on that long ride of 110 miles, and what a ride it was. The first rays of the rising sun caught us at the crossing on North Gabriel. We had ridden sixty miles on that short summer night. A halt was made and we had breakfast of black. coffee, bread and bacon and our horses a bundle of oats each. In twenty-five minutes we were again riding and at 1 p. m. we reached the outskirts of old Round Rock, made camp in a little clump of bushes while Lieut. Reynolds rode into Round Rock to report his ar-arrival to Gen. Jones.

And very nearly at the same hour Bass, Jackson and Barnes rode in to Round Rock to take a final look at the bank which they were going to rob on the morrow.

The robbers hitched their horses in an alley just back of Hightower's livery stable, passed up the alley out to Main Street by the bank and on to the corner store. At this moment Dick Ware crossed the street from the livery stable to the barber shop. He said afterward that he almost touched the bandits as he entered the shop, not dreaming that he was within a foot of the most daring outlaws that ever operated in Texas. As Bass and his men passed into the building, Morris Moore, always on the lookout, remarked to Mr. Grimes, a deputy sheriff of Williamson county: "I think one of those men has a pistol."

"I'll go in and see," said Grimes.

Walking up to Bass he said: "You have a pistol," and the battle was on.

"Yes," said Bass, and at the same time he and his men pulled their pistols and began firing. As they advanced Grimes backed away and fell dead as he reached the door. The robbers then turned on Moore and shot him through the lung—not, however, before Moore had emptied his pistol at the gang.

The rapid shooting brought Dick Ware with a jump from the barber shop to the street. Grimes was dead and Moore was down. Bass then turned on Ware, and as he raised his pistol to fire Dick jumped behind a hitching post not from fear, but by instinct, for he was as brave as courage itself. The ball from Bass's pistol split the top of the post within an inch or two of Ware's head. This only seemed to fire Dick up, for he went at them with a rush, and for a while fought the three outlaws, single-handed. Gen. Jones, coming up from the I. & G. N. telegraph office, joined with Ware in the fight, as did a one-armed man by the name of Stubbs, who had picked up Grimes' pistol and entered the fight. It was now three to three with the officers rapidly advancing on the robbers, they retreating slowly towards their horses.

Harold and Conner could tell from the sound of the guns that the robbers were coming down the alley to try and reach their horses. Those two rangers took positions in the back of the stable yard and when the outlaws came to view opened on them at close range. At the back gate of this yard was hitched a little gray pony. Bass tried to mount him and George Harold, claimed that he shouted to Bass not to get on the pony and as the latter backed off Harold says he shot him in the lower part of the breast.

By this time every citizen in town that could secure a gun or pistol had joined in the battle. Bass and his men were now at their horses, and knowing that their situation was critical, they fought with the courage of despair, and if an outlaw can be a hero it is here that this boy Jackson (for he was only twenty years old at the time) showed himself to be one. Barnes was dead at his feet. His chief, Bass, was desperately wounded; bullets were pouring in from every quarter. Still Jackson with his pistol in his right hand held the crowd at bay whle he assisted Bass on his horse with his left. Then he mounted his own horse and together they galloped out of the very jaws of Hell itself.

A short run from town took them into the brush north of Round Rock. Bass by this time was so sick from the loss of blood that he could go no further. Jackson pleaded most piteously to be allowed to stay with Bass—said he was a match for them all.

"No, Frank," said Bass, I am done

for," and finally prevailed on him to go; and although it has been forty-eight years since that night, Jackson has never been captured.

The rest of the story is short. Sergeant C. L. Nevill, with the scout that came down from San Saba captured Bass the next day in a dying condition near where Jackson left him. He was taken into Round Rock and died the following day. We now come to the point—Who killed Sam Bass?

Bass on his death bed said he was shot in the back soon after leaving the store and long before he reached the horses. The doctors who examined and probed the wound claimed he was shot in the back—that the ball had hit a cartridge in his belt and split, and a part came out near the groin, the other half remaining in his body.

This statement of the doctors, together with that of Bass, led everyone of Company E to think that Dick Ware had fired the fatal shot, because he was known to be a fine pistol shot, cool and steady under fire, and for a while after leaving the store he was fighting them alone. Yet no man ever heard Dick Ware say that he killed Sam Bass. Of all the rangers I ever knew he was the least boastful, and cared less for notoriety than anybody.

At the inquest over the dead body of Bass the question was asked, "Mr Ware did you kill Sam Bass?"

His reply was, "No, sir, not that I know of."

George Harold was then put on the stand and swore that he had killed Bass, so it is written in history.

I have not mentioned Captain Lea Hall, because his company operated separately from the frontier batallion on this occasion. I don't know from whence he came, but he and some of his men were there and as I was afterwards told, they too, had been riding hard and not expecting a battle on that day, were resting at a hotel. The shooting brought them out and they mounted and gave chase; but I don't think the captain or any of his men fired a shot in that fight.

There is a stone over the grave of Sam Bass at Round Rock. This, I believe, is a kind and heartfelt momento from his sister. The inscription on this granite monument is sculptured appropriately in brief in the following sentences:

SAMUEL BASS,

Born July 21, 1851; Died July 21, 1878.

A Brave Man Reposes in Death Here
Why Was He Not True?

Staged a Tragedy in San Antonio

S. O. Young, in El Paso Times

All old time printers and telegraphers of the 80's remember "Peg," for he was a remarkable character, never to be forgotten. "Peg" was not his real name, of course. He had a Christian and a surname, too, but he also had a wooden leg, and that took precedence over everything else, and he became "Peg" and nothing else.

He was one of the most expert operators that ever struck Texas. He was what was called an Associated Press operator and could take and send more copy during a night than anybody. He was high-toned and swore he would never work for less than $35 per week, and as such jobs were scarce and, even when he got one, hard to to hold, because he would celebrate his success at the end of the first week when he was paid off, he was generally idle. He had lost one of his legs in a railroad accident having gone to sleep and fallen off the brakebeam, or something like that. The railroad patched him up in one of the hospitals and gave him a fine wooden leg to say nothing more about the matter. The leg was really a fine one, and "Peg" could, and did, get from $10 to $15 on it at any pawnshop.

During his periods of temporary pecuniary embarrassment he had another leg for everyday use. This was simply an old-fashioned broomstick looking affair, which while not ornamental was quite useful. It got so that one could tell the financial standing of "Peg" by the style of leg he wore. He had been all over the country, knew the newspaper men from Chicago to San Francisco and in every city and big town in Texas. He was a great talker, and when only half-loaded was very amusing. He told some good stories, too. I remember one in

particular that will bear retelling,though of course, I can't tell it as he did. It was in the News office one night after "30" had been sent to the composing room and we were all indulging in a talk "Peg" held the floor.

"Gent-teel-men," said he, "you can talk about your 'hot towns' as much as you want to, but Santone takes the cake. I was out there last winter and I had the time of my life. There was a big variety show going on down on one of the plazas and, of course, I went to see it. The place was crowded and I got a seat away back near the door, and I was glad afterward that I did. The show nearly over when a drunken cowboy came in. He had two bigs guns strapped round his waist and a bowie knife that looked like a young sword. He refused to take his hat off and made a terrible row about it when a man asked him to remove his hat and sit down. He swaggered about and the show had to stop for a minute or two. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and then, catching sight of the boxes on the edge of the stage, he made for one. Everybody seemed to be afraid of him and tried to quiet and pacify him. When he reached the box he tore down the curtains and ordered three girls to bring him three bottles of champagne, which they did in a hurry. The show had been forced to come to a standstill by now and everybody was watching he cowboy.

"While he was drinking his wine a fellow on the stage began to sing. The cowboy promptly ordered him to stop. The fellow paid no attention, but went on singing. The cowboy hammered on the box with a bottle and made a terrible racket. Finally the singer got mad and, advancing to the front of the stage, asked if there was not an officer in the house to take that drunken nuisance out and lock him up. There was no response for the policemen, if there were any, was hidden out. The singer repeated his request for an officer, and finally the cowboy said to him that if he wanted him put out so bad he had better undertake the job himself.

"The singer was game and accepted the challenge and announced that he would do so. He advanced to the side of the stage and began climbing to the box. It was about ten feet, being on the second tier. The cowboy sat right still until the fellow got nearly to the top, then he reached out and dragged him into the box. They dropped to the floor in a clinch, but as they fell I saw the cowboy had his knife in his hand. The girls fled. The table was knocked over and there was a terrible racket for a few minutes. Then I saw them rise, the cowboy holding the singer by the back of the neck. He rammed him face foremost against the wall and rammed that big knife through him twice and then, slamming it plumb through him between the shoulders, he left it sticking in his body and, picking him up, hurled him out of the box to the stage below.

"It was all over in a minute and there was the biggest stampede you ever saw. The whole audience made for the door in one solid mass, and I was working well in the lead, in spite of having only one good leg to work with. When I struck the sidewalk I lit out in good style and ran two blocks before I stopped. I saw a policeman and rushed to him: I said 'You had better go down yonder, a cowboy just murdered a man in the theater down there.' He looked at me and grinned. 'That's all right,' said he. 'They have been killing that same man for two nights now. It's part of the show. Then I realized that I had been sold and I took the policeman into the Buckhorn saloon and threw a couple of scoops into him to keep him quiet.

"Hold on," said Peg, as we started to leave, "that story is not finished yet. The best part is to come. The next night I went back to enjoy the fun of seing the stampede, now that I knew it was a part of the show. I got a seat near the end of a row near the middle of the house, and there is where I was a fool. The cowboy came in and went through the same performance. There was the same stampede too, but it started sooner than I calculated. There was a big Dutchman near me and he stampeded at the first flash of the knife and took the whole tier of seats with him. In the rush they got my leg, the broomstick one, jammed in the seat and broke it square off Then they walked oll over me, and I never saw a thing. When the dust settled they found me all spraddled out on the floor. The proprietor acted pretty square. He set 'em up two or three times, sent me home in a hack and next morning early they had a carpenter come around and fix my steem, and that night I left for El Paso. Santone was too strenuous for me."

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Mrs. J. M. Peters, Marlin, Texas, writes as follows: "By chance I received the December issue of Frontier Times. In looking through its contents I found an interesting article on the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker. Being a descendant of the Parkers myself I find the things stated very interesting. Mrs. Rachel Plummer, who was taken captive by the Indians on May 19, 1836, at Parker's Fort, was my great grandmother. James Pratt Plnmmer, at that time a baby of 18 months, son of Mrs. Plummer, was my grandfather. How he survived the brutality of the savages is more than I can see, as he remained a captive until he was seven years of age. His mother had been released, and died from hardships and grief sometime before the child's release. I am proud to say I am a daughter of the grand old pioneers who paved the way for the civilization that we now enjoy. I also read in the same issue the history of the Durst family. I have never met them personally, but have read a number of articles penned by Brother John S. Durst. He is growing old, but the work he has accomplished will stand as a monument to him through the ages. I was so favorably impressed with the sample copy of Frontier Times I am sending in my subscription."

In January number of Frontier Times we made an error in the letter written us by Mrs. W. B. Martin of Terrell, wherein it was stated that her grandfather, Daniel Muckleny, came to Texas in 1866. The statement should have read that he came to Texas in 1836. Typographical errors will creep in, especially in figures.

In this number of Frontier Times we published several good sketches sent in by Sergeant J. B. Gillett, Ex-Ranger. Sergeant Gillett recently published a very interesing book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," which should be placed in the hands of every boy in Texas. The price of the book is $2.50. Send orders direct to Sergeant Gillett at Marfa, Texas, or this office.

E. A. Brininstool, magazine writer and author, writes from Los Angeles, California: "Your January issue is a hummer, and you are doing something no other state has the enterprise or pluck to do—conduct a magazine of real history of your state. May your supply of material last till the crack o' doom! I am saving every number and will have them all bound into a book each year. Every copy is worth the price of a whole year's subscription."

W. B. Hardeman of Devine, Texas, sends us an interesting sketch of Veteran J. G. Braun, one of the early settlers of Southwest Texas, which we will publish in an early issue. Veteran Braun is now 86 years old, but is still quite active.

In every community in Texas there resides one or more pioneers of the early days who could furnish an interesting sketch of their experiences if some one would undertake the slight trouble of interviewing them. Get a sketch from each of these pioneer men and women and send in to Frontier Times.

Capt. A. M. Gildea of Deming, New Mexico, sends in a nice list of subscribers to Frontier Times. We appreciate the interest the old time rangers are taking in our little magazine. They know the history we are publishing is true, and they want to see Frontier Times succeed.

Who Knew "Tie" Taylor, Texas Ranger?

I want to find some one who knew my husband, James W. Taylor, who fought the Indians with the Texas Rangers. He was with Gen. Miles' Division, Texas Volunteers, and fought with them for four years. He was in the fight in Salt Creek Valley in Young County, in which Charlie Rivers was killed. I am now 73 years old and my husband has been dead for a number of years. I am entitled to a pension but need to find some one who knew him when he was with the rangers. All of his old comrades that I knew are dead. My husband was commonly called Tie Taylor, because he could tie Spanish knots so well. I trust there is some one that can give me the information I need. Please write me.—Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Canadian, Texas.

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